

THE

83/EB

SEASONS

? c 1760

BY

2

JAMES THOMSON,

Viz.

SPRING, AUTUMN,

SUMMER, WINTER.

AND AN HYMN.



L O N D O N:

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S P R I N G.

The A R G U M E N T.

The subject proposed. Inscribed to the Countess of Hartford. The Season is described as it affects the various parts of Nature, ascending from the lower to the higher; with digressions arising from the subject. Its influence on inanimate Matter, on Vegetables, on brute Animals, and last on Man; concluding with a dissuasive from the wild and irregular passion of Love, opposed to that of a pure and a happy kind.

COME, gentle Spring, ethereal Mildness, come,
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, veil'd in a shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.

O Hartford, fitted, or to shine in courts
With unaffected grace, or walk the plain
With innocence and meditation join'd
In soft assemblage, listen to my song,
Which thy own season paints; when Nature all
Is blooming and benevolent, like thee.

And see where surly Winter passes off,
Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts:
His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,
The-shatter'd forest, and the ravag'd vale;

While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch,
 Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost,
 The mountains lift their green heads to the sky.

As yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd,
 And Winter oft at eve resumes the breeze,
 Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving fleets
 Deform the day delightless : so that scarce
 The bittern knows his time, with bill ingulph'd
 To shake the sounding marsh ; or from the shore
 The plovers when to scatter o'er the heath,
 And sing their wild notes to the listening waste,

At last from Aries rolls the bounteous sun,
 And the bright Bull receives him. Then no more
 Th' expansive atmosphere is cramp'd with cold ;
 But, full of life, and vivifying soul,
 Lifts the light clouds sublime, and spreads them thin,
 Fleecy and white, o'er all-surrounding heaven,

Forth flies the tepid airs and unconfined,
 Unbinding earth the moving softness strays.
 Joyous, th' impatient husbandman perceives
 Relenting Nature, and his lusty steers
 Drives from their stalls, to where the well-us'd plough
 Lies in the furrow, loosen'd from the frost.
 There, unrefusing to the harness'd yoke,
 They lend their shoulder, and begin their toil,
 Chear'd by the simple song, and soaring lark.
 Mean while incumbent o'er the shining share
 The master leans, removes th' obstructing clay,
 Winds the whole work, and sidelong lays the glebe.

While thro' the neighbouring fields the sower stalks,
 With measur'd steps, and liberal, throws the grain
 Into the faithful bosom of the ground.

The harrow follows harsh, and shuts the scene.

Be gracious, Heav'n ! for now laborious man
 Has done his part. Ye fostering breezes blow !
 Ye softening dews, ye tender showers, descend !

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And temper all, thou world-reviving sun,
 Into the perfect year! Nor, ye, who live
 In luxury and ease, in pomp and pride,
 Think these lost themes unworthy of your ear;
 Such themes as these the rural Maro sung
 To wide imperial Rome, in the full height
 Of elegance and taste, by Greece refin'd.

In ancient times, the sacred plough employ'd
 The kings, and awful fathers of mankind:
 And some, with whom compar'd, your insect tribes
 Are but the beings of a summer's day,
 Have held the scale of empire, rul'd the storm
 Of mighty war; then, with victorious hand,
 Disdaining little delicacies, seiz'd
 The plough, and greatly independant scorn'd
 All the vile stores corruption can bestow.

Ye generous Britons, venerate the plough!
 And o'er your hills, and long withdrawing vales,
 Let Autumn spread his treasures to the sun,
 Luxuriant and unbounded! as the sea,
 Far thro' his azure turbulent domain,
 Your empire owns, and from a thousand shores
 Wafts all the pomp of life into your ports;
 So with superior boon may your rich soil,
 Exuberant Nature's better blessings pour
 O'er ev'ry land, the naked nations cloathe,
 And be th' exhaustless granary of a world!

Nor only thro' the lenient air this change,
 Delicious, breathes; the penetrative sun,
 His force deep-darting to the dark retreat
 Of vegetation, sets the steaming power
 At large, to wander o'er the verdant earth,
 In various hues; but chiefly the gay Green!
 Thou smiling Nature's universal robe!
 United light and shade! where the sight dwells

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With growing strength, and ever-new delight,
 From the moist meadow, to the wither'd hill,
 Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs,
 And swells and deepens to the cherish'd eye.
 The hawthorn whitens: and the juicy groves
 Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,
 'Till the whole leafy forest stands display'd,
 In full luxuriance, to the sighing gales;
 Where the deer rustle thro' the twining brake,
 And the birds sing conceal'd. At once array'd
 In all the colours of the flushing year,
 By Nature's swift and secret-working hand,
 The garden grows, and fills the liberal air
 With lavish fragrance; while the promis'd fruit
 Lies yet a little embryo, unperceiv'd,
 Within its crimson folds. Now from the town
 Bury'd in smoke, and sleep, and noisome damp,
 Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields,
 Where freshness breathes, and dash the trembling drops
 From the bent bush, as thro' the verdant maze
 Of sweet-briar hedges I pursue my walk;
 Or taste the smell of dairy; or ascend
 Some eminence, Augusta, in thy plains,
 And see the country far diffus'd around,
 One boundless blush, one white empurpl'd shower
 Of mingled blossoms; where the raptur'd eye
 Hurries from joy to joy, and hid beneath
 The fair profusion, yellow Autumn spies.

If, brush'd from Russian wilds, a cutting gale
 Rise not, and scatter from his humid wings
 The clammy mildew; or, dry-blowing breathe
 Untimely frost; before whose baleful blast
 The full-blown Spring thro' all her foilage shrinks,
 Joylets and dead, a wide dejected waste.
 For oft, engender'd by the hazy north,
 Myriads on myriads, insect armies waft

Keen in the poison'd breeze, and wasteful eat
Thro' buds and bark, into the blacken'd core,
Their eager way. A feeble race! yet oft
The sacred sons of vengeance! on whose course
Corrosive famine waits, and kills the year.
To check this plague the skilful farmer, chaff,
And blazing straw, before his orchard burns;
Till, all involv'd in smoke, the latent foe
From every cranny suffocated falls:
Or scatters o'er the bloom the pungeant dust
Of pepper, fatal to the frosty tribe:
Or, when th' envenom'd leaf begins to curl,
With sprinkled water drowns them in their nest;
Nor, while they pick them up with busy bill,
The little trooping birds unwisely scares.

Be patient, swains; these cruel-seeming winds
Blow not in vain. Far hence they keep, repress'd
Those deep'ning clouds on clouds, surcharg'd with
That o'er the vast Atlantic hither borne, (rain,
In endless train, would quench the summer blaze,
And chearless, drown the crude unripen'd year.

The north-east spends his rage, and now, shut up
Within his iron caves, th' effusive south
Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven
Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers distant
At first a dusky wreath they seem to rise,
Scarce staining ether; but by fast degrees,
In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapour sails
Along the loaded sky, and mingling deep
Sits on the horizon round a settled gloom,
Not such as wintry storms on mortals shed,
Oppressive life; but lovely. gentle, kind,
And full of every hope and ever joy,
The wish of nature. Gradual sinks the breeze,
Into a perfect calm; that not a breath
Is heard to quiver thro' the closing woods,

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Or rustling turn the many twinkling leaves
 Of aspin fall. Th' uncurling floods diffus'd
 In glassy breadth, seem thro' delusive lapse
 Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all,
 And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks
 Drop the dry sprig, and mute-imploing eye
 The falling verdure. Hush'd in short suspense,
 The plummy people streak their wings with oil,
 To throw the lucid moisture trickling off;
 And wait th' approaching signs to strike at once,
 Into the general choir. Even mountains, vales,
 And forests seem, impatient to demand
 The promis'd sweetness. Man superior walk
 Amid the grand creation, musing praise,
 And looking lively gratitude. At last,
 The clouds consign their treasures to the fields;
 And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
 Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow,
 In large effusion, o'er the freshen'd world.
 The stealing showers is scarce to patter heard,
 By such as wander thro' the forest-walks,
 Beneath th' umbrageous multitude of leaves.
 But who can hold the shade, while heaven descends
 In universal bounty, shedding herbs,
 And fruits and flowers on Nature's ample lap?
 Swift fancy fir'd anticipates their growth;
 And while the milky nutriment distills,
 Beholds the kindling country colour'd round.

Thus all day long the full distended clouds
 Indulge their genial stores, and well-shower'd earth
 Is deep enrich'd with vegetable life;
 'Till, in the westward sky, the downward sun
 Looks out, effulgent, from amid the flush
 Of broken clouds, gay-shifting to his beam.
 The rapid radiance instantaneous strikes
 Th' illumin'd mountain, thro' the forest streams,

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Shakes on the floods, and in a yellow mist,
 Far smoaking o'er the interminable plain,
 In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems.
 Moist, bright, and green, the landskip laughs around,
 Full swell the woods : their every music wakes,
 Mix'd in wild concert with the warbling brooks
 Increas'd the distant bleatings of the hills,
 The hollow lows responsive from the vales,
 Whence bleeding all the sweetned zephyr springs,
 Mean time refracted from yon eastern cloud,
 Bestriding earth, the grand ethereal bow
 Shoots up immense ; and every hue unfolds,
 In fair proportion running from the red,
 To where the violet fades into the sky.
 Here, awful Newton, the dissolving clouds
 Form, fronting on the sun, thy showery prism ;
 And to the sage-instructed eye unfold
 The various twine of light, by thee disclos'd
 From the white mingling maze. Not so the swain ;
 He wondering views the bright enchantment bend,
 Delightful, o'er the radiant fields, and runs
 To catch the falling glory, but amaz'd
 Beholds th' amusive arch before him fly,
 Then vanish quite away. Still might succeeds,
 A soften'd shade, and saturated earth
 Awaits the morning beam, to give to light,
 Rais'd thro' ten thousand different plastic tubes,
 The balmy treasures of the former day.

Then spring the living herbs, profusely wild,
 O'er all the deep-green earth, beyond the power
 Of botanist to number up their tribes :
 Whether he steals along the lonely dale,
 In silent search ; or thro' the forest, rank
 With what the dull incurious weeds account,
 Bursts his blind way ; or climbs the mountain-rock,
 Fir'd by the nodding verdure of its brow.

With such a lib'ral hand has Nature flung
Their seeds abroad, blown them about in winds,
Innumerable mix'd them with the nursing mold,
The moistening current, and prolific rain.
But who their virtues can declare ! Who pierce,
With vision pure, into these secret stores
Of health, and life, and joy ? The food of man,
While yet he liv'd in innocence, and told
A length of golden years ; unlesh'd in blood,
A stranger to the savage arts of life,
Death, rapine, carnage, surfeit, and disease ;
The lord, and not the tyrant of the world.

The first fresh dawn then wak'd the gladdened race
Of uncorrupted man, nor blush'd to see
The sluggish sleep beneath its sacred beam :
For their light slumbers gently fum'd away ;
And up they rose as vigorous as the sun,
Or to the culture of the willing glebe,
Or to the chearful tendence of the flock.
Mean time the song went round ; and dance and sport,
Wisdom and friendly talk, successive stole
Their hours away. While in the rosy vale
Love breath'd his infant sighs, from anguish free,
And full replete with bliss ; save the sweet pain,
That, inly thrilling, but exalts it more.
Nor yet injurious act, nor surly deed,
Was known among these happy sons of heav'n ;
For reason and benevolence were law.
Harmonious Nature too look'd smiling on.
Clear shon the skies, cool'd with eternal gales,
And balmy spirit all. The youthful sun
Shot his best rays, and still the gracious clouds
Drop'd fatness down ; as o'er the swelling mead,
The herds and flocks, commixing, play'd secure.
This when, emergent from the gloomy wood,
The glaring lion saw, his horrid heart

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Was meeken'd, and he join'd his fullen joy.
 For music held the whole in perfect peace :
 Soft sigh'd the flute ; the tender voice was heard,
 Warbling the varied heart ; the woodlands round
 Apply'd their quire ; and winds and waters flow'd
 In consonance. Such were those prime of days.
 But now those bright unblemish'd minutes, whence
 The fabling poets took their golden age,
 Are found no more amid these iron times,
 These dregs of life ! Now the distemper'd mind
 Has lost that concord of harmonious powers,
 Which forms the soul of happiness ; and all
 Is off the poise within : the passions all
 Have burst their bounds ; and reason half extinct,
 Or impotent, or else improving, sees
 The foul disorder. Senseless and deform'd,
 Convulsive anger storms at large ; or pale,
 And silent, settles into fell revenge.
 Base envy withers at another's joy,
 And hates that excellence it cannot reach.
 Desponding fear, of feeble fancies full,
 Weak and unmanly, looses every power,
 Even love itself is bitterness of soul,
 Or pensive anguish, pining at the heart ;
 Or, sunk to sordid interest, feels no more
 That noble wish, that never cloy'd desire,
 Which, selfish joy disdaining, seeks alone
 To bless the dearer object of its flame.
 Hope sickens with extravagance ; and grief,
 Of life impatient, into madness swells ;
 Or in dead silence wastes the weeping hours.
 These, and a thousand mix'd emotions more,
 From ever-changing views of good and ill,
 Form'd infinitely various, vex the maid
 With endless storm. Whence, deeply rankling, grows
 The partial thought, a listless unconcern,

Cold, and averting from our neighbour's good ;
Then dark disgust, and hatred, winding wiles,
Coward deceit, and ruffian violence :
At last, extinct each social feeling fell
And joyous inhumanity pervades
And petrifies the heart. Nature disturb'd
Is deem'd, vindictive, to have chang'd her course.

Hence, in old dusky time, a deluge came :
When the deep-cleft disparting orb, that arch'd
The central waters round, impetuous rush'd,
With universal burst into the gulph,
And o'er the high pil'd hills of fractur'd earth
Wide dash'd the waves, in undulation vast ,
Till from the center to the streaming clouds,
A shoreless ocean tumbled round the globe.

The seasons since, have, with severer sway,
Oppress'd a broken world : The Winter keen
Shook forth its waste of snows ; and Summer shot
His pestilential heats. Great Spring, before,
Green'd all the year ; and fruits and blossoms blush'd,
In social sweetness, on the self-same bough.
Pure was the temperate air ; an even calm
Perpetual reign'd, save what the zephyrs bland
Breath'd o'er the blue expanse : for then no storms
Were taught to blow, nor hurricanes to rage ;
Sound slept the waters ; no sulphureous glooms
Swell'd in the sky, and sent the lightning forth ;
While sickly damps, and cold autumnal fogs,
Hung not, relaxing on the springs of life.
But now, of turpid elements the sport,
From clear to cloudy tost, from hot to cold,
And dry to moist, with inward-eating change,
Our drooping days are dwindled down to nought,
Their period finish'd ere 'tis well begun.

And yet the wholesome herb neglected dies ;
Tho' with the pure exhilarating soul

Of nutriment and health, and vital powers,
Beyond the search of art, 'tis copious blest.
For with hot ravine fir'd, ensanguin'd man
Is now become the lion of the plain,
And worse. The wolf, who from the nightly fold
Fierce drags the blearing prey, ne'er drunk her milk,
Nor wore her warming fleece: nor has the steer,
At whose strong chest the deadly tyger hangs,
E'er plow'd for him. They too are temper'd high,
With hunger stung and wild necessity,
Nor lodges pity in their shaggy breast.
But Man, from Nature form'd of milder clay,
With every kind emotion in his heart,
And taught alone to weep; while from her lap
She pours ten thousand delicacies, herbs,
And fruits, as numerous as the drops of rain
Or beams that give them birth: shall he, fair form
Who wears sweet smiles, and looks erect on heaven,
E'er stoop to mingle with the prowling herd
And dip his tongue in gore? The beast of prey,
Blood-stain'd deserves to bleed: but you, ye flocks,
What have you done; ye peaceful people, what,
To merit death: you who have given us milk
In lucious streams, and lent us your own coat
Against the Winter's cold? and the plain ox,
That harmless, honest, guiltless animal,
In what has he offended? He, whose toil,
Patient and ever ready, clothes the land
With all the pomp of harvest: shall he bleed,
And struggling groan beneath the cruel hands
Even of the clown he feeds? And that perhaps
To swell the riot of the autumnal feast,
Won by his labour? Thus the feeling heart
Would tenderly suggest: but 'tis enough,
In this late age, adventurous to have touch'd

Light on the numbers of the Samian sage.
 High heaven forbids the bold presumptuous strain,
 Whose wisest will has fix'd us in a state
 That must not yet to pure perfection rise.
 Besides, who knows, how *rais'd* to higher life,
 From stage to stage the *vital scale ascends*?

Now when the first foul torrent of the brooks,
 Swell'd with the vernal rains, is ebb'd away ;
 And, whitening, down their mossy-tinctur'd stream
 Descends the billowy foam : now is the time,
 While yet the dark-brown water aids the guile.
 To tempt the trout. The well-dissembled fly,
 The rod fine-tapering with elastic spring,
 Snatch'd from the hoary steed the floating line,
 And all thy slender watry stores prepare.
 Put on thy hook the tortur'd worm,
 Convulsive, twist in agonizing folds :
 Which, by rapacious hunger, swallow'd deep,
 Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding breast
 Of the weak helpless uncomplaining wretch,
 Harsh pain and horror to the tender hand.

When with his lively ray the potent sun
 Has pierc'd the streams, and rous'd the finny race,
 Then, issuing chearful, to thy sport repair ;
 Chief should the western breezes curling play,
 And light o'er ether bear the shadowy clouds.
 High to their fount, this day, amid the hills,
 And woodlands warbling round, trace up the brooks ;
 The next, pursue their rocky-channel'd maze,
 Down to the river, in whose ample wave
 Their little n iads love to sport at large.
 Just in the dubious point, where with the pool
 Is mix'd the trembling stream, or where it boils
 Around the stone, or from the hollow'd bank
 Reverted plays in undulating flow,
 There throw, nice-judging, the delusive fly ;

And as you lead it round in artful curve,
With eye attentive mark the springing game,
Strait as above the surface of the flood
They wanton rise, or urg'd by hunger leap,
Then fix, with gentle twich the barbed hook:
Some lightly tossing to the grassy bank,
And to the shelving shore slow-dragging some,
With various hand, proportion'd to their force.
If yet too young, and easily deceiv'd.
A worthless prey scarce bends your pliant rod,
Him, piteous of his youth and the short space
He has enjoy'd the vital life of heaven,
Soft disengage, and back into the stream
The speckled infant throw. But should your lure
From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots
Of pendant trees, the monarch of the brook,
Behoves you then to ply your finest art.
Long time he, following cautious, scans the fly;
And oft attempts to seize it, but as oft
The dimpled water speaks his jealous fear.
At last, while haply o'er the shaded sun
Passes a cloud, he desperate takes the death,
With sudden plunge. At once he darts along
Deep-struck, and runs out all the lengthen'd line;
Then seeks the farthest ooze, the sheltering weed,
The cavern'd bank, his old secure abode;
And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool,
Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand
That feels him still, yet to his furious course
Gives way, you, now retiring, following now
Across the stream exhaust the idle rage:
Till floating broad upon the breathless side,
And to his fate abandon'd to the shore
You gaily drag your unresisting prize.

Thus pass the temperate hours: but when the sun

Shakes from his noon-day throne the scattering clouds,
 Even shooting listless languor thro' the deeps ;
 Then seek the bank where flowering elders croud,
 Where scatter'd wild the lily of the vale
 Its balmy essence breathes, where cowslips hang
 The dewy head, where purple violets lurk,
 With all the lowly children of the shade :
 Or lie reclin'd beneath yon spreading ash,
 Hung o'er the steep ; whence borne on liquid wing,
 The sounding culver shoots ; or where the hawk,
 High in the bleeting cliff, his airy builds.
 There let the classic page the fancy lead
 Thro' rural scenes ; such has the Mantuan swain
 Paints in the matchless harmony of song.
 Or catch thyself the landscip, gliding swift
 Athwart imagination's vivid eye :
 Or by the vocal woods and waters lull'd,
 And lost in lonely musing, in a dream,
 Confus'd, of careless solitude, where mix
 Ten thousand wandring images of things,
 Sooth every gust of passion into peace ;
 All but the swellings of the soften'd heart,
 That waken or disturb the tranquil mind.

Behold yon breathing prospect bids the Muse
 Throw all her beauty forth. But who can paint
 Like Nature ? Can imagination boast,
 Amid its gay creation, hues like her's ?
 Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,
 And loose them in each other, as appears
 In every bud that blows ? If fancy then
 Unequal fails beneath the pleasing task,
 Ah, what shall language do ? Ah, where find words
 Ting'd with so many colours ; and whose power,
 To life approaching, may perfume my lays
 With that fine oil, whose aromatic gales,
 That inexhaustive flow continual round ?

Yet, tho' successless, will the toil delight;
 Come then, ye virgins and ye youths, whose hearts all
 Have felt the raptures of refining Love;
 And thou, Amanda, come, pride of my song
 Form'd by the graces, loveliness itself;
 Come with those downcast eyes, sedate and sweet,
 Those looks demure that sweetly pierce the soul,
 Where with the light of thoughtful reason mix'd,
 Shines lively fancy and the feeling heart:
 Oh come! and while the rosy footed May
 Steals blushing on, together let us tread
 The morning-dews, and gather in their prime,
 Fresh-blooming flowers, to trace thy braided hair,
 And thy lov'd bosom that improves their sweets.

See, where the winding vale its lavish stores,
 Irriguous spreads. See how the lilly drinks
 The latent rill, scarce oozing thro' the grass,
 Of growth luxuriant; or the humid bank,
 In fair profusion decks. Long let us walk,
 Where the breeze flows from yon extended field
 Of blossom'd beans. Arabia cannot boast
 A fuller gale of joy than, liberal, thence
 Breathes thro' the sense, and takes the ravish'd soul.
 Nor is the mead unworthy of thy foot,
 Full of fresh verdure, and unnumber'd flowers,
 The negligence of Nature, wide, and wild;
 Where undisguis'd by mimic Art she spreads
 Unbounded beauty to the roving eye.
 Here their delicious task the fervent bees,
 In swarming millions, rend: around, athwart,
 Thro' the soft air, the busy nations fly,
 Cling to the bud, and with inserted tube,
 Suck its pure essence, its ethereal soul:
 And oft, with bolder wing, thy soaring dare
 The purple heath, or where the wild thyme grows,
 And yellow load them with the luscious spoil.

At length the finish'd garden to the view
 Its vistas opens, and its alleys green.
 Snatch'd thro' the verdant maze, the hurried eye
 Distracted wanders ; now the bowery walk
 Of covert close, where scarce a speck of day,
 Falls on the lengthen'd gloom, protracted sweeps :
 Now meets the bending sky : the river now
 Dimpling along, the brezy-ruffled lake
 The forest darkening round the glittering spire,
 'Th' ethereal mountain, and the distant main.
 But why so far excursive ? when at hand,
 Along these blushing borders, bright with dew,
 And in yon ming'ed wilderness of flowers,
 Fair handed Spring unbosoms every grace ;
 Throws out the snow-drop, and the crocus first ?
 The daisy, primrose, violet darly blue,
 And polyanthus of unnumber'd dyes ;
 The yellow wall-flower, stain'd with iron brown :
 And lavish stock that scents the garden round.
 From the lost wing of vernal breezes shed,
 Animonies ; auriculas, enrich'd
 With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves :
 And full ranunculas of growing red.
 Then comes the tulip-race, where beauty plays
 Her idle steaks ; from family diffus'd
 To family, and flies the father dust,
 The varied colours run ; and while they *brea k*
 On the charm'd eye, th' exulting forest marks,
 With secret pride, the wonders of his hand.
 No gradual bloom is wanting ; from the bud.
 First-born of Spring, to Summer's musky tribes :
 Nor hyacinths of purest virgin white,
 Low-bent, and blushing inward ; nor jonquils,
 Of potent fragrance ; nor Narcissus fair,
 As o'er the fabl'd fountain hanging still ?
 Nor broad carnations ; nor gay-spotted pinks ;

Nor flower'd from every bush, the damask rose.
Infinite numbers, delicacies smells, —
With hues on hues expression cannot paint,
The breath of Nature, and her endless bloom.

Hail, Source of Being! universal Soul
Of heaven and earth! Essential Presence, hail!
To Thee I bend the knee; to Thee my thoughts,
Continual, climb; who, with a master-hand,
Hast the great whole into perfection touch'd.
By Thee the various vegetative tribes,
Wrapt in a filmy net, and clad with leaves,
Draw the live ether, and imbibe the dew:
By Thee dispos'd into congenial soils,
Stands each attractive plant, and sucks, and swells
The juicy tide; a twining mass of tubes.
At thy command the vernal sun awakes
The torpid sap, detruded to the root
By wintry winds; that now in fluent dance,
And lively fermentation, mounting, spreads
All this innumerable colour'd scene of things.

As rising from the vegetable world
My theme ascends, with equal wings ascend,
My panting Muse, and hark how loud the woods
Invite you forth in all your gayest trim.
Lend me your song, ye nightingales! oh pour
The mazy-running soul of melody
Into my vary'd verse! while I deduce,
From the first note the hollow cuckoo sings,
The symphony of Spring, and touch a theme
Unknown to fame, *the Passion of the groves.*

When first the soul of love is sent abroad,
Warm thro' the vital air, and on the heart
Harmonious seizes, the gay troops begin,
In gallant thought, to plume the painted wing;
And try again the long forgotten strain,
At first faint-warbled. But no sooner grows

The soft infusion prevalent and wide,
 Than all alive, at once their joys o'erflows
 In music unconfin'd. Up-springs the lark,
 Shrill voice, and loud, the messenger of morn;
 Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings
 Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts
 Calls up the tuneful notions. Every copse
 Deep-tangled, tree irregular, and bush
 Bending with dewy moisture, o'er the heads
 Of the coy corristers that lodge within,
 Are prodigal of harmony. The thrush
 And woodlark, o'er the kind contending throng
 Superior heard, run thro' the sweetest length
 Of notes, when listenieg Philomela deigns
 To let them joy, and purposes in thought
 Elate, to make her night excel their day.
 The black-bird whistles from the thorny brake;
 The mellow bullfinch answers from the grove;
 Nor are the linnets o'er the flowing furze
 Pour'd out profusely, silent. Join'd to these
 Innumerable songsters, in the freshening shade
 Of new-sprung leaves, their modulations mix
 Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw,
 And each harsh pipe discordant heard alone,
 Aid the full concert: while the stock-dove breathes
 A melancholy murmur thro' the whole.

'Tis love creates their melody, and all
 This waste of music is the voice of love;
 That even to birds, and beasts, the tender arts
 Of pleasing teaches. Hence the glossy kind
 Try every winning way inventive love
 Can dictate, and in courtship to their mates
 Pour forth their little souls. First, wide around
 With distant awe, in airy rings they rove,
 Endeavouring by a thousand tricks to catch
 The cunning, conscious, half-averted glance

Of their regardless charmer. Should she seem
Softening the least approbance to bestow,
Their colours burnish, and by hope inspir'd,
They brisk advance; then on a sudden struck,
Retire disorder'd; then again approach;
In fond rotation spread the spotted wing,
And shiver every feather with desire.

Connubial leagues agreed, to the deep woods
They haste away, and all their fancy leads,
Pleasure or food, or secret safety prompts;
That Nature's *great command* may be obey'd:
Nor all the sweet sensations they perceive
Indulg'd in vain. Some to the holly-hedge
Nestling repair, and to the thicket some;
Some to the rude protection of the thorn
Commit their feeble offspring: The cleft tree
Offers its kind concealment to a few,
Their food its insects, and its moss their nests,
Others apart far in the grassy dale.
Or roughening waste, their humble texture weave,
But most in woodland solitudes delight,
In unfrequented glooms, or shaggy banks,
Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,
Whose murmurs sooth them all the live-long day.
When by kind duty fix'd. Among the roots
Of hazel, pendant o'er the plaintive stream,
They frame the first foundation of their domes:
Dry sprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,
And bound with clay together. Now 'tis nought
But restless hurry thro' the busy air,
Beat by unnumber'd wings. The swallow sweeps
The slimy pool, to build his hanging-house
Intent. And often, from the careless back
Of herds and flocks, a thousand tugging bills
Pluck hair and wool; and, oft when unobserv'd,
Steal from the barn a straw: till soft and warm,

Clean, and compleat their habitation grows.

As thus the patient dam assiduous sits,
 Not to be tempted from her tender task,
 Or by sharp hunger, or by smooth delight,
 Thro' the whole loosen'd Spring around her blows,
 Her sympathizing lover takes his stand
 High on to' opponent bank, and ceaseless sings
 The tedious time away ; or else supplies
 Her place a moment, while she sudden flits
 To pick the scanty meal. Th' appointed time
 With pious toil fulfill'd, the callow young,
 Warm'd and expanded into perfect life,
 Their brittle bondage break, and come to light,
 A helpless family, demanding food
 With constant clamour : O what passions then,
 What melting sentiments of kindly care,
 On the new parents seize ! Away they fly
 Affectionate, and undesiring bear
 The most delicious morsel to their young :
 Which equally distributed, again
 The search begins. Even so a gentle pair,
 By fortune suck, but form'd of generous mold,
 And charm'd with cares beyond the vulgar breast,
 In some lone cot amid the distant woods,
 Sustain'd alone by providential Heaven,
 Oft, as they weeping eye their infant train,
 Checks their own appetites, and give them all.

Nor toil alone they scorn : exalting love,
 By the great Father of the Spring inspir'd,
 Gives instant courage to the *fearful* race,
 And to the simple art. With stealthy wing
 Should some rood foot the'r woody hannts molest,
 Amid a neighbouring bush they silent drop,
 And whirling thence, as if alarm'd, deceive
 Th' unfeeling school-boy. Hence, around the head
 Of wandering swain, the white wing'd plover wheels

Her sounding flight, and then directly on
In long excursion skims the level lawn,
To tempt him from her nest. The wild duck, hence,
O'er the rough moss, and o'er the trackless waste
The heath-hen flutters (pious fraud!) to lead
The hot pursuing spaniel far astray.

Be not the Muse asham'd, here to bemoan
Her brothers of the grove, by tyrant Man
Inhuman caught, and in the narrow cage
From liberty confin'd, and boundless air.
Dull are the pretty slaves, their plumage dull,
Ragged, and all its brightening lustre lost ;
Nor is that sprightly wildness in their notes,
Which, clear and vigorous warbles from the beech,
O then, ye friends of love, and love-taught song,
Spare the soft tribes, their barbarous art forbear,
If on your bosom innocence can win,
Music engage, or piety persuade.

But let not chief the nightingale lament
Her ruin'd care, too delicately fram'd
To brook the harsh confinement of the cage.
Oft when, returning with her loaded bill,
Th' astonish'd mother finds a vacant nest,
By the hard hands of unrelenting clowns
Robb'd, to the ground the vain provision falls ;
Her pinions ruffle, and low-drooping scarce
Can bear the mourner to the poplar shade ;
Where, all abandon'd to despair, she sings
Her sorrows thro' the night ; and on the bough,
Sole sitting, still at every dying fall
Takes up again her lamentable strain
Of winding woe ; till wide around, the woods
Sigh to her song, and with her wail resound.

But now the feather youth their former bounds,
Ardent, disdain ; and weighing oft their wings,
Demand a free possession of the sky :

This one glad office more, and then dissolves
 Parental love at once, now needless grown.
 Unlavish'd Wisdom never works in vain.
 'Tis on some evening, sunny, grateful mild,
 When nought but balm is breathing thro' the woods,
 With yellow lustre bright, that the new tribes
 Visit the spacious heavens, and look abroad
 On Nature's common, far as they can see,
 Or wing their range, and pasture. O'er the boughs
 Dancing about, still at the giddy verge
 Their resolution fails ; their pinions still,
 In loose liberation stretch'd, to trust the void
 Trembling refuse : till down before them fly
 The parent-guides, and chide, exhort, command.
 Or push them off. The surging air receives
 The plummy burden : and their self-taught wings
 Winnow the waving element. On ground
 Alighted, bolder up again they lead,
 Farther and farther on, the lengthening flight ;
 Till vanish'd every fear and every power
 Rous'd into life and action, light in air
 Th' acquitted parents see their soaring race,
 And once rejoicing, never know them more.
 High from the summit of a craggy cliff.
 Hung o'er the deep, such as amazing frowns
 On utmost * Kilda's shore, whose lonely race
 Resign the setting sun to Indian worlds,
 The royal eagle draws his vigorous young,
 Strong-pounc'd, and ardent with paternal fire.
 Now fit to raise a kingdom of their own,
 He drives them from his fort, the tow'ring feat,
 For ages, of his empire ; which in peace,
 Unstain'd he holds, while many a league to sea
 He wings his course, and preys in distant isles.

* *The furthest of the western islands in Scotland.*

Should I my steps turn to the rural seat,
Whose lofty elms, and venerable oaks,
Invite the rook, who high amid the boughs,
In early Spring, his airy city builds,
And ceaseless caws amusive ; there well pleas'd,
I might the various polity survey
Of the mixt household kind. The careful hen
Calls all her chirping family around,
Fed and defended by the fearless cock ;
Whose breast with ardour flames, as on he walks,
Graceful, and crows defiance. In the pond,
The finely checker'd duck, before her train,
Rows garrulous. The stately sailing swan
Gives out his snowy plumage to the gale ;
And arching proud his neck, with oary feet
Bears forward fierce, and guards his osier isle,
Protective of his young. The turkey nigh,
Loud threatening, reddens ; while the peacock spreads
His every colour'd glory to the sun,
And swims in radiant Majesty along,
O'er the whole homely scene, the cooing dove
Flies thick in amorous chace, and wanton rolls
The glancing eye, and turns the changeful neck,
While thus the gentle tenants of the shade
Indulge their purer loves, the rougher world
Of brutes, below, rush furious into flame,
And fierce desire. Thro' all his lusty veins
The bull, deep scorch'd, the raging passion feels.
Of pasture sick, and negligent of food,
Scarce seen, he wades among the yellow bloom,
While o'er his ample sides the rambling sprays
Luxuriant shoot ; or thro' the mazy wood
Dejected wanders, nor th' enticing bud
Crops, tho' it presses on his careless sense.
And oft, in jealous madning fancy wrapt,

He seeks the sight ; and, idly butting feigns
 His rival gor'd in every knotty trunk.
 Him should he meet, the bellowing war begins :
 Their eyes flash fury ; to the hollow'd earth,
 Whence the sand flies, they mutter bloody deeds,
 And groaning deep th' impetuous battle mix :
 While the fair heifer, balmy-breathing, near,
 Stands kindling up their rage. The trembling steed,
 With his hot impulse seiz'd in every nerve
 Nor hears the rein, nor heeds the sounding throng ;
 Blows a e not felt ; but tossing high his head,
 And by the well-known joy to distant plains
 Attracted strong, all wild he bursts away ;
 O'er rocks and woods, and craggy mountain flies ;
 And, neighing, on the ærial summit takes
 Th' exciting gale ; then, steep-descending cleaves
 The headlong torrents foaming down the hills,
 Even where the madness of the straiten'd stream
 Turns in black eddies round : such is the force
 With which his frantic heart and sinews swell,
 Nor undelighted by the boundless Spring
 Are the broad monsters of the foaming deep :
 From the deep ooze and gelid cavern rous'd,
 They flounce and tumble in unweildy joy.
 Dire were the strain, and dissonant, to sing
 The cruel raptures of the savage kind :
 How by this flame their native wrath sublim'd
 They roam, amid the fury of their heart,
 The far sounding-waste in fiercer bands,
 And grapple their horrid loves. But this the theme
 I sing, enraptur'd, to the British Fair,
 Forbids, and leads me to the mountain-brow,
 Where sits the shepherd on the grassy turf,
 Inhaling, healthful, the descending sun,
 Around him feeds his many-bleating flock,
 Of various cadence ; and his sportive lambs,

This way and that involv'd, in friskful glee,
 Their frolicks play. And now the sprightly race
 Invites them forth; when swift, the signal given,
 They start away, and sweep the massy mound
 That runs around the hill; the rampart once
 Of iron war, in ancient barbarous times,
 When disunited Brirain ever bled.

Lost in eternal broil: ere yet she grew
 To this deep-laid indissoluble state,
 Where Wealth and Commerce lift their golden head,
 And, o'er our labours, Liberty and Law,
 Impartial, watch; the wonder of a world!

What is this *mighty breath*, ye curious, say,
 That in a powerful language, felt, not heard,
 Instructs the fowls of heaven, and thro' their breast
 These arts of love diffuses? What, but God?

Inspiring God! who boundless Spirit all,
 And unremitting Energy, pervades,
 Adjusts, sustains, and agitates the whole.

He ceaseless works *alone*; and yet *alone*
 Seems not to work; with such perfection fram'd
 In this complex stupendous scheme of things.

But, tho' conceal'd, to every purer eye
 Th' informing Author in his works appears:
 Chief, lovely Spring, in thee, and thy soft scenes.

The smiling God is seen: while water, earth,
 And air attest his bounty; which exalts
 The brute creation to this finer thought,
 And annual melts their undesigning hearts
 Profusely thus in tenderness and joy.

Still let my song a nobler note assume,
 And sing th' infusive force of Spring on Man;
 When heaven and earth, as if contending, vye
 To raise his being, and serene his soul.
 Can he forbear to join the general smile

Of Nature? Can fierce passions vex his breast,
While every gale is peace, and every grove
Is melody! Hence! from the bounteous walks
Of flowing Spring, ye sordid sons of earth,
Hard, and unfeeling of another's woe;
Or only lavish to yourselves; away!
But come, ye generous minds, in whose wide thought,
Of all his works, creative Bounty burns
With warmest beam; and on your open front
And liberal eye, fits, from his dark retreat
Inviting modest want. Nor, 'till invok'd
Can restless goodness wait; your active search
Leaves no cold wintry corner unexplor'd;
Like silent-working Heaven, surprizing oft
The lonely heart with unexpected good.
For you the roving spirit of the wind
Blows Spring abroad; for you the teeming clouds
Descend in gladsome plenty o'er the world;
And the sun sheds its kindest rays for you,
Ye flower of human race!—In these green days,
Reviving sickness lifts her languid head;
Life flows afresh; and young-ey'd health exalts
The whole creation round. Contentment walks
The sunny glade, and feels on inward bliss
Spring o'er his mind, beyond the power of kings
To purchase: Pure serenity apace
Induces thought, and contemplation still.
By swift degrees the love of Nature works,
And warms the bosom; 'till at last sublim'd
To rapture, and enthusiastic heat,
We feel the present Deity, and taste
The joy of God to see a happy world!
These are the sacred feelings of thy heart,
Thy heart inform'd by reason's purer ray,
O Lyttleton, the friend! thy passions thus
And meditations vary, as at large,

Courting the Muse, thro' Hagley Park thou stray'st ;
 The British Tempe! There along the dale,
 With woods o'er hung, and shag'd with mossy rocks,
 Whence on each hand the gushing waters play,
 And down the rough cascade white-dashing fall,
 Or gleam in lengthen'd vista thro' the trees,
 You silent steal ; or sit beneath the shade
 Of solemn oaks, that tuft the swelling mounts
 Thrown graceful round by Nature's careless hand,
 And pensive listen to the various voice
 Of rural peace : the herds, the flocks, the birds,
 The hollow-whispering breeze, the plaint of rills,
 That, purling down amid the twisted roots
 Which creep around, their dewy murmurs shake
 On the the sooth'd ear. From these abstracted oft,
 You wander thro' the philosophic world ;
 Where in bright train continual wonders rise.
 Or to the curious or the pious eye.
 And, oft conducted by historic truth,
 You tread the long extent of backward time :
 Planning, with warm benevolence of mind,
 And honest zeal unwrap by party rage,
 Britannia's weal ; how from the venal gulph
 To raise her virtue, and her arts revive.
 Or, turning thence thy view, these graver thoughts
 The Muses charm : while, with sure taste refin'd,
 You draw th' inspiring breath of ancient song ;
 'Till nobly rises, emulous, thy own.
 Perhaps thy lov'd Lucinda shares thy walk,
 With soul to thine attun'd. Then Nature all
 Wears to the love's eye a look of love ;
 And all the tumult of a guilty world,
 Tost by the generous passions sinks away.
 The tender heart is animated peace ;
 And as it pours its copious treasures forth,

In varied converse, softening every theme,
 You, frequent pausing, turn, and from her eyes.
 Where meekn'd sense, and amiable grace,
 And lively sweetness dwell, enraptur'd, drink
 That nameless spirit of ethereal joy,
 Unutterable happiness! which love,
 Alone, bestows, and on a *favour'd* few.
 Mean time you gain the height, from whose fair brow
 The bursting prospect spreads immense around :
 And snatch'd o'er hill and dale, and wood and lawn,
 And verdant field, and darkening heath between,
 And villages embosom'd soft in trees,
 And spiry towns by surging columns mark'd
 Of household smoak, your eye excursive roams :
 Wide stretching from the *Hall*, in whose kind haunt
 The *Hospitable Genius* lingers still,
 To where the broken landscape, by degrees,
 Ascending, roughens into rigid hills ;
 O'er which the Cambrian mountains, like far clouds
 That skirt the blue horizon, dusky rise.

Flush'd by the spirit of the genial year,
 Now from the virgin's cheek a fresher bloom
 Shoots, less and less, the live carnation round :
 Her lips blush deeper sweets ; she breathes of youth
 The shining moisture swells into her eyes,
 In brighter flow ; her wishing bosom heaves,
 With palpitation wild ; kind tumults seize
 Her veins, and all her yielding soul is love.
 From the keen gaze her lover turns away,
 Full of the dear extatic power, and sick
 With sighing languishment. Ah then, ye fair
 Be great.y cautious of your sliding hearts :
 Dare not th' infectious sigh ; the pleading look,
 Down-cast, and low, in meek submission dress'd,
 But full of guile. Let not the fervent tongue,
 Prompt to deceive, with adulation smooth,

Gain on your purpos'd will. Nor in the bower,
Where woodbines flaunt, and roses shed a couch
While evening draws her crimson curtains round,
Trust your soft minntes with betraying Man.
And let the aspiring youth beware of love,
Of the smooth glance beware ; for 'tis too late,
When on his heart the to-rent-softness pours.
Then wisdom prostrate lies, and fading fame
Dissolves in air away ; while the fond soul,
Wrapt in gay visions of unreal bliss,
Still paints th' illusive form ; the kindling grace ;
Th' inticing smile ; the modest-seeming eye,
Beneath whose beauteous beams, belying heaven,
Lurks searchless cunning, cruelty, and death :
And still, false warbling in his cheated ear,
Her syren voice, enchanting, draws him on
To guileful shores, and meads of fatal joy.

Even present, in the very lap of love
Inglorious laid ; while Music flows around
Perfumes, and oils, and wine, and wanton hours ;
Amid the roses fierce repentance rears
Her snaky crest : a quick returning pang
Shoots thro' the conscious heart ; where honour still,
And great design against the oppressive load
Of luxury, by fits, impatient heave.

But absent, when, fantastic woes, arous'd,
Rage in each thought, by restless musing fed,
Chill the warm cheek, and blast the bloom of life ?
Neglected fortune flies ; and sliding swift,
Prone into ruin, fall his scorn'd affairs.
'Tis nought but gloom around : the darken'd sun
Loses his light. The rosy-bosom'd Spring
To weeping fancy pines ; and yon bright arch,
Contracted, bends into a dusky vault.
All Nature fades extinct ; and she alone
Heard, felt, and seen, possesses every thought

Fills every sense, and pants in every vein:
Books are but former Dulness, tedious friends;
And sad amid the social band he sits,
Lonely and unattentive. From the tongue
The unfinish'd period falls : while borne away,
On swelling thought, his wasted spirit flies
To the vain bosom of the distant fair;
And leaves the semblance of a lover fix'd
In melancholy site, with head declin'd,
And love-dejected eyes. Sudden he starts,
Shook from his tender trance, and restless runs
To glimmering shades, and sympathetic glooms;
Where the dull umbrage o'er the falling stream,
Romantic, hangs; there thro' the pensive dust
Strays, in heart-thrilling meditation lost,
Indulging all to love; or on the bank
Thrown, amid drooping lillies, swells the breeze
With sighs unceasing, and the brook with tears,
Thus in soft anguish he consumes the day,
Nor quits his deep retirement, till the moon
Peeps thro' the chambers of the fleecy east,
Enlighten'd by degrees, and in her train
Leads on the gentle hours; then forth he walks,
Beneath the trembling languish of her beam,
With soften'd soul; and woos the bird of eve
To mingle woes with his : or while the world
And all the sons of care lie hush'd in sleep,
Associates with the midnight shadows drear;
And, sighing to the lonely taper pours
His idly-tortur'd heart into the page,
Meant for the moving messenger of love;
Where rapture burns on rapture, every line
With frenzy fir'd. But if on bed
Delirious flung, sleep from his pillow flies.
All night he tosses, nor the balmy power
In any posture finds; till the grey morn.

Lifts her pale lustre on the paler wretch,
Examine by love: and then perhaps
Exhausted Nature sinks awhile to rest,
Still interrupted by distracted dreams,
That o'er the sick imagination rise,
And in black colours paint the mimic scene.
Oft with th' inchantress of his soul he talks;
Sometimes in crouds distress'd; or if retir'd
To secret-winding flower-enwoven bowers,
Far from the dull impertinence of man,
Just as he, credulous, his endless cares
Begins to lose in blind oblivious love,
Snatch'd from her yielded hand, he knows not how
Thro' forests huge, and long untravell'd heaths
With desolation brown, he wanders waste,
In night and tempest wrapt: or shrinks aghast,
Back, from the bending precipice; or wades
The turb'd stream below, and strives to reach
The farther shore; where succourless and sad,
She with extended arms his aid implores;
But strives in vain: borne by th' outrageous flood
To distance down, he rides the ridgy wave,
Or whelm'd beneath the boiling eddy sinks.
These are the charming agonies of love,
Whose misery delights. But thro' the heart
Should jealousy its venom once diffuse,
'Tis then delightful misery no more,
But agony unmix'd, incessant gall,
Corroding every thought, and blasting all
Love's paradise. Ye fairy prospects, then,
Ye beds of roses, and ye bowers of joy,
Farewell! Ye gleamings of departed peace,
Shine out your last! the yellow-tinging plague
Internal vision taints, and in a night
Of livid gloom imagination wraps.
Ah then! instead of love-enliven'd cheeks,

Of sunny features, and of ardent eyes,
 With flowing rapture bright, dark looks succeed;
 Suffus'd, and glaring with untender fire;
 A clouded aspect, and a burning cheek,
 Where the whole poison'd soul, malignant sits,
 And frightens love away. Ten thousand fears
 Intended, wild, ten thousand frantic views
 Of horrid rivals, hanging on the charms
 For which he melts in fondness, eat him up
 With fervent anguish, and consuming rage.
 In vain reproaches lend their idle aid,
 Deceitful pride, and resolution frail,
 Giving false peace a moment. Fancy pours,
 Afresh, her beauties, on his busy thought,
 Her first endearments, twining round the soul,
 With all the witchcrafts of ensnaring love.
 Strait the fierce storm involves his mind anew,
 Flames thro' the nerves, and boils along the veins;
 While anxious doubt distracts the tortur'd heart:
 For even the sad assurance of his fears
 Were peace to what he feels. Thus the warm youth,
 Whom love deludes into his thorny wilds,
 Thro' flowery-tempting paths, or leads a life
 Of fever'd rapture, or of cruel care;
 His brightest aims extinguish'd all, and all
 His lively moments running down to waste.

But happy they! the happiest of their kind!
 Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
 Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
 'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,
 Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
 That binds their peace, but harmony itself,
 Attuning all their passions into love;
 Where friendship full exerts her softest power,
 Perfect esteem, enliven'd by desire,
 Ineffable and sympathy of soul;

Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
With boundless confidence : for nought but love
Can answer love, and bliss secure.

Let him, ungenerous, who alone intent
To bless himself, from sordid parents buys
The loathing virgin, in eternal care,
Well-merited, consume his nights and days :
Let barbarous nations, whose inhuman love
Is wild desire, fierce as the furs they feel ;
Let eastern tyrants from the light of heaven
Seclude their bosom slaves, meanly possess'd
Of a mere, lifeless, violated form ;
While those whom love cements in holy faith,
And equal transport, free as Nature live,
Disdaining fear. What is the world to them,
Its pomps, its pleasure, and its nonsense all !
Who in each other clasp whatever fair
High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish ;
Something than beauty dearer, should they look
Or on the mind, or mind-illumin'd face ;
Truth, goodness, honour, harmony, and love,
The richest bounty of indulgent heaven.
Meant time a smiling offspring rises round,
And mingles both their graces. By degrees,
The human blossom blows ; and every day,
Soft as it rolls along, shews some new charm,
The father's lustre, and the mother's bloom.
Then infant reason grows apace, and calls
For the kind hand of an assiduous care.
Delightful task ! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe th' enlivening spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.
Oh speak the joy ! ye whom the sudden tear
Surprizes often, while you look around,

And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss,
All various Nature pressing on the heart:
An elegant sufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
Ease, and alternate labour, useful life,
Progressive virtue, and approving heaven.
These are the matchless joys of virtuous love;
And thus their mountains fly. The Season thus,
As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,
Still find them happy; and consenting Spring
Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads:
Till evening comes at last, serene and mild;
When after the long vernal day of life,
Enamour'd more, as more remembrance will see
With many a proof of recollected love,
Together down they sink in social sleep;
Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
To scenes where love and bliss immortal reigns, 1172

S U M M E R.

S U M M E R.

The A R G U M E N T.

The Subject proposed. Invocation. Address to Mr. Dodington. An introductory Reflection on the Motion of the heavenly Bodies; whence the Succession of the Seasons. As the Face of Nature in this Season is almost uniform, the Progress of the Poem is a Description of a Summer's Day. The Dawn. Sun-rising. Hymn to the Sun. Forenoon. Summer Insects described. Hay-making. Sheep-bearing. Noon-day. A Woodland Retreat. Groups of Herds and Flocks. A solemn Grove. How it affects a contemplative Mind. A Cataract and rude Scene. View of Summer in the torrid Zone. Storm of Thunder and Lightning. A Tale. The Storm over, a serene Afternoon. Bathing. Hour of Walking. Transition to the Prospect of a rich well cultivated Country; which introduces a Panegyric on Great Britain. Sun-set. Evening. Night. Summer Meteors. A Comet. The whole concluding with the Praise of Philosophy.

From bright'ning fields of ether fair disclos'd,
 Child of the sun refulgent Summer comes,
 In pride of youth, and felt thro' Nature's depth,
 He comes attended by the filly hours,

D

And ever-fanning breezes, on his way ;
While from his ardent look, the turning spring
Averts her blushing face ; and earth and skies,
All smiling, to his hot dominion leaves.

Hence let me haste into the mid-wood shade,
Where scarce a sun-beam wanders thro' the gloom ;
And on the dark green grass beside the brink
Of haunted stream, that by the roots of oak
Rolls o'er the rocky channel, lie at large,
And sing the glories of the circling year.

Come, *Inspiration* ! from thy hermit seat,
By mortal seldom found : my fancy dare,
From thy fix'd serious eye, and raptur'd glance
Shot on surrounding heaven, to steal one look
Creative of the poet, every power
Exalting to an extasy of soul.

And, thou, my youthful Muse's early friend,
In whom the human graces all unite :
Pure light of mind, and tenderness of heart ;
Genius and wisdom ; the gay social sense,
By decency chastiz'd : goodness and wit,
In seldom-meaning harmony combin'd ;
Unblemish'd honour, and an active zeal,
For Britain's glory, Liberty, and Man :
O Dodington ! attend my rural song,
Stoop to my theme, inspire every line,
And teach to deserve thy just applause.

With what an awful world-revolving power
Were first the unweildy planets launch'd along
Th' illimitable void ! Thus to remain,
Amid the flux of many thousand years,
That oft has swept the toiling race of men,
And all their labour'd monuments away.
Firm, unremitting, matchless in their course ;
To the kind-temper'd change of night and day,
And of the Seasons, ever stealing round,

Minutely faithful : Such th' all-perfect hand ;
 That pois'd, impels, and rules the steady whole.
 When now no more th' alternate *Twins* are fir'd,
 And *Cancer* reddens with the solar blaze,
 Short is the doubtful empire of the night ;
 And soon, observant of approaching day,
 The meek-ey'd morn appears, mother of dews,
 At first faint gleaming on the dapp'l'd east :
 Till far o'er ether spreads the widening glow ;
 And, from before the lustre of her face,
 White break the clouds away. With quicken'd step
 Brown night retires : Young day pour'd in apace,
 And opens all the lawny prospect wide.
 The dropping rock, the mountain's misty top
 Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn.
 Blue thro' the dusk, the smoking currents shine ;
 And from the bladed field the fearful hare
 Limp awkward ; while along the forest glade
 The wild deer trip, and often turning gaze
 At early passenger. Music awakes]
 The native voice of undissembled joy ;
 And thick around the woodland hymns arise.
 Rous'd by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves
 His mossy cottage, where with *peace* he dwells ;
 And from the crowded fold, in order drives
 His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.
 Falsely, luxurious, will not man awake ;
 And spinging from the bed of sloth, enjoy
 The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,
 To meditation due and sacred song ?
 For is there ought in sleep can charm the wise ?
 To lie in dead oblivion, losing half
 The fleeting moments of too short a life ?
 Total extinction of th' enlighten'd soul !
 Or else to feverish vanity alive,

Wilder'd, and tossing thro' distemper'd dreams ?
 Who would in such a gloomy state remain,
 Longer than Nature craves ; when every Muse
 And every blooming pleasure wait without,
 To bless the wildly devious morning walk ?

But yonder comes the powerful King of Day,
 Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,
 The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
 Illum'd with fluid gold, his near approach
 Betoken glad. Lo! now apparent all,
 Aflant the dew-bright earth, and colour'd air,
 He looks in boundless majesty abroad :
 And sheds the shining day, that burnish'd plays
 On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering streams
 High gleaming from afar. Prime chearer, Light !
 Of all material beings first, and best !
 Efflux divine ! Nature's resplendent robe !
 Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapt
 In unessential gloom ; and thou, O Sun !
 Soul of surrounding worlds ! in whom best seen
 Shines out thy Maker ! may I sing of thee !

'Tis by thy secret, strong, attractive force,
 As with a chain indissoluble bound,
 Thy system rolls entire : from the far bourne
 Of utmost *Saturn*, wheeling wide his round
 Of thirty years ; to *Mercury*, whose disk
 Can scarce be caught with philosophic eye,
 Lost in the near effulgence of thy blaze.

Informer of the planetary train !
 Without whose quickening glance their cumbrous
 Were brute unlovely mass, inert and dead, (orb,
 And not as now the green abodes of life ;
 How many forms of being wait on thee ?
 Inhaling spirit ; from th' unfetter'd mind,
 By thee sublim'd, down to the daily race,
 The mixing myriads of thy setting beam.

The vegetable world is also thine,
 Parent of *Seasons*! who the pomp precede
 That waits thy throne, as thro' thy vast domain,
 Annual, along the bright ecliptic road,
 In world-rejoicing state, it moves sublime.
 Mean time th' expecting nations, circled gay
 With all the various tribes of foodful earth,
 Implore thy bounty, or send grateful up
 A common hymn: while round thy beaming car,
 High seen, the *Seasons* lead, in sprightly dance
 Harmonious knit, the rosy-finger'd *Hours*,
 The *Zephers* floating loose, the timely *rains*,
 Of bloom ethereal the light-footed *Dews*,
 And soften'd into joy the surly *Storms*.
 These, in successive turn, with lavish hand,
 Shower every beauty, every fragrance shower,
 Herbs, flowers, and fruits; till, kindling at thy touch,
 From land to land is flush'd the vernal year.

Nor to the surface of enliven'd earth,
 Graceful with hills and dales, and leafy woods,
 Her liberal treasures is thy force confin'd:
 But, to the bowel'd cavern darting deep,
 The mineral kinds confess thy mighty power.
 Effulgent, hence the veiny marble shines;
 Hence, Labour draws his tools; hence burnish'd war
 Gleams on the day; the nobler works of peace
 Hence bless mankind, and generous Commerce binds
 The round of nations in a golden chain.

Th' unfruitful rock itself impregn'd by thee,
 In dark retirement forms the lucid stone.
 The lively diamond drinks thy purest rays,
 Collected light, compact; that polish'd bright,
 And all its native lustre let abroad,
 Dares, as it sparkles on the fair one's breast,
 With vain ambition emulate her eyes.
 At thee the ruby lights its deepening glow,

And with a waving radiance inward flames
From thee the saphire, solid ether, takes
Its hue cerulean; and of evening tinct,
The purple streaming amethyft is thine.
With thy own smile the yellow topaz burns.
Nor deeper verdure dyes the robe of Spring,
When first she gives it to the southern gale,
Than the green emerald shews. But, all combin'd,
Thick thro' the whitening opal play thy beams ;
Or, flying several from its surface, form
A trembling variance of revolving hues,
As the site varies in the gazer's hand.

The very dead creation, from thy touch,
Assumes a mimic life. By thee refin'd,
In brighter mazes, the relucant stream
Plays o'er the mead. The precipice abrupt,
Projecting horror on the blacken'd flood,
Softens at thy return. The desert joys
Wildly, thro' all his melancholy bounds.
Rude ruins glitter ; and the briny deep,
Seen from some pointed promontary's top,
Far to the blue horizon's utmost verge,
Restless, reflects a floating gleam. But this,
And all the much-transported Muse can sing,
Are to thy beauty, dignity, and use,
Unequal far ; great delegated source
Of light, and life, and grace, and joy below !

How shall I then attempt to sing of him,
Who, Light Himself, in uncreated light
Invested deep, dwells awfully retir'd
From mortal eye, or angels purer ken ;
Whose single smile has, from the first of time,
Fill'd, overflowing, all those lamps of heaven,
That beam forever thro' the boundless sky ;
But, should he hide his face, th' astonish'd sun,
And all th' extinguish'd stars, would loosening reel
Wide from their spheres, and chaos come again.

And yet was every faltering tongue of man,
 Almighty Father! silent in thy praise;
 Thy works themselves would raise a genera' voice,
 Even in the depth of solitary woods
 By human foot untrod, proclaim thy power,
 And to the choir celestial Thee resound,
 Th' eternal cause, support, and end of all;

To me be Nature's volume broad display'd;
 And to peruse its all-instructing page,
 Or, haply catching inspiration thence,
 Some easy passage, raptur'd, to translate,
 My soul delight; as thro' the falling glooms
 Pensive I stray, or with the rising dawn
 On faucy's eagle-wing excursive soar.

Now, flaming up the heavens, the potent sun
 Melts into limpid air the high rais'd clouds,
 And morning fogs, that hover'd round the hills
 In party-colour'd bands; 'till wide unveil'd
 The face of Nature shines, from where earth seems
 Far stretch'd around, to meet the bending sphere.

Half in a blush of clustering roses tost,
 Dew-dropping Coolness to the shade retires;
 There, on the verdant turf, or flowery bed,
 By gelid founts and careless rills to muse:
 While tyrant Heat, disspreading thro' the sky,
 With rapid sway, his burning influence darts
 On Man, and beast, and herb,, and tepid stream:

Who can unpitying, see the flowery race,
 Shed by the morn, their new flush'd bloom resign,
 Before the parching beam? So fade the fair,
 When fevers revel thro' their azure veins.
 But one, the lofty follower of the sun,
 Sad when he sets, shuts up her yellow leaves,
 Drooping all night; and, when he warm returns,
 Points her enamour'd bosom to his ray.

Home from his morning task, the swain retreats;
 His flock before him stepping to the fold:

While the full udder'd mother lows around
 The chearful cottage then expecting food,
 The food of innocence and health! The daw,
 The rook and magpye, to the grey-grown oaks
 That calm the village in their verdant arms,
 Sheltering embrace) direct their lazy flight;
 Where on the mingling boughs they sit embower'd
 All the hot noon, till cooler hours arise,
 Faint, underneath, the household fowls convene:
 And, in a corner of the buzzing shade,
 The house-dog, with the vacant greyhound, lies
 Out-stretch'd and sleepy. In his slumbers one
 Attacks the nightly thief, and one exults
 O'er hill and dale; till waken'd by the wasp,
 They starting snap. Nor sha'll the Muse disdain
 To let the little noisy summer race
 Live in her lay, and flutter thro' her song:
 Not mean tho' simple; to the sun ally'd
 From him they draw their animating fire.

Wak'd by his warmer ray, the reptile young
 Come wing'd abroad; by the light air upborn,
 Lighter and full of soul. From every chink,
 And secret corner, where they slept away
 The wintry storms; or rising from their tombs,
 To higher life; by myriads forth at once,
 Swarming they pour; of all the varied hues
 Their beauty-beaming parent can disclose.
 Ten thousand forms! Ten thousand different tribes!
 People the blaze. To sunny waters some
 By fatal instinct fly; where on the pool
 They sportive wheel; or, sailing down the stream,
 Are inatch'd immediate by the quick-ey'd trout,
 Or darting salmon. Thro' the green-wood glade
 Some love to stray; there lodg'd, amus'd and fed,
 In the fresh leaf. Luxurious, others make
 The meads their choice, and visit every flower,
 And every latent herb; for the sweet task,

To propagate their kinds, and where to wrap,
In what soft beds, their young yet undisclos'd,
Employs their tender care. Some to the house,
The fold, the dairy, hungry, bend their flight;
Sip round the pail, or taste the curdling cheese:
Oft inadvertent, from the milky stream
They meet their fate: or, weltering in the bowl
With powerless wings around them wrapt, expire.

But chief to heedless flies the window proves
A constant death: where gloomily retir'd,
The villain spider lives, cunning and fierce,
Mixture abhor'd! Amid a mangled heap
Of carcases, in eager watch he sits,
O'erlooking all his waving snares around.
Near the dire cell the dreadless wanderer oft
Passes, as oft the ruffian shews his front;
The prey at last ensnar'd, he dreadful darts,
With rapid glide, along the leaning line:
And, fixing in the wretch his cruel fangs,
Strikes backward grimly pleas'd: the fluttering wing,
And shriller sound declare extreme distress,
And ask the helping hospitable hand.

Resounds the living surface of the ground:
Nor undelightful is the ceaseless hum,
To him who muses thro' the woods at noon;
Or drowsy shepherd, as he lies reclin'd,
With half shut eyes, beneath the floating shade
Of willows grey, close crouding o'er the brook.

Gradual, from these what numerous kinds descend,
Evading even the microscopic eye!
Full Nature warms with life; one wond'rous mass
Of animals, or atoms organiz'd,
Waiting the *vital Breath*, when parent heaven
Shall bid his spirit blow. The hoary fen,
In putrid steams, emits the living cloud
Of pestilence. Thro' subterranean cells

Where searching sun-beams scarce can find a way,
 Earth animated heaves. The flowery leaf
 Wants not its soft inhabitants. Secure,
 Within its winning citidel, the stone
 Holds multitudes. But chief the forest boughs,
 That dance unnumber'd to the playful breeze,
 The downy orchard, and the melting pulp
 Of mellow fruit, the nameless nation feed
 Of evanescent insects. Where the pool
 Stands mottled o'er with green, invisible,
 Amid the floating verdure millions stray.
 Each liquid too, whether it pierces, soothes,
 Inflames, refreshes, or exalts the taste,
 With various forms abounds. Nor is the stream
 Of purest crystal, nor the lucid air,
 Tho' one transparent vacancy it seems,
 Void of their unseen people. These concealed
 By the kind art of forming heaven escape
 The grosser eye of man: for if the worlds
 In worlds inclos'd should on his senses burst,
 From cates ambrosial, and the nectar'd bowl,
 He would abhorrent turn; and in dead of night,
 Whence silence sleeps o'er all, be stunn'd with noise.

Let no presuming impious railer tax
 Creative wisdom, as if ought was form'd
 In vain, or not for admirable ends.
 Shall little haughty ignorance pronounce
 His works unwise, of which the smallest part
 Exceeds the narrow vision of her mind?
 As if upon a full proportion'd dome,
 On swelling columns heav'd, the pride of art!
 A critic fly, whose feeble ray scarce spreads
 An inch around, with blind presumption bold,
 Should dare to tax the structure of the whole.
 And lives the man, whose universal eye
 Has swept at once th' unbounded scheme of things

Mark'd their dependance so, and firm accord,
As with unfaltering accent to conclude
That *This* availeth nought? Has any seen
The mighty change of beings lessening down
From infinite perfection to the brink
Of dreary *Nothing*, desolate abyss!
From which astonish'd thought, recoiling, turns?
Till then alone let zealous praise ascend,
And hymns of holy wonder, to that power,
Whose wisdom shines as lovely on our minds,
As on our smiling eyes his servant sun.

Thick in yon stream of light, a thousand ways,
Upwards and downwards, thwarting, and convolv'd,
The quivering nations sport; till tempest wing'd,
Fierce winter sweeps them from the face of day,
Even so luxurious men, unheeding pass
An idle summer life in fortune's shine,
A season's glitter! Thus they flutter on
From toy to toy, from vanity to vice;
Till blown away by death, oblivion comes
Behind, and strikes them from the book of life.

Now swarms the village, o'er the jovial mead:
The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil,
Healthful, and strong; full as the summer rose
Blown by prevailing suns, the ruddy maid,
Half naked, swelling on the sight, and all
Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek,
Even stooping age is here; and infant hands
Trail the long rake, or, with the fragrant load
O'ercharg'd, amid the kind oppression roll.
Wide flies the tedded grain; all in a row
Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,
They spread their breathing harvest to the sun,
That throws refreshful round a rural smell;
Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground,
And drive the dusky wave along the mead,

The ruffet hay-cock rises thick behind,
In order gay. While heard from dale to dale,
Waking the breeze, resounds the blended voice
Of happy labour, love, and social glee.

Or rushing thence, in one diffusive band,
They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog
Compell'd, to where the mazy running brook
Forms a deep pool: this bank abrupt and high,
And that fair spreading in a pebbled shore.
Urg'd to the giddy brink, much is the toil,
The clamour much of men, and boys and dogs,
Ere the soft fearful people to the flood
Commit their woolly sides. And oft the swain,
On some impatient seizing, hurls them in:
Embolden'd thus, not hesitating more,
Fast, fast, they plunge amid the flashing wave,
And panting labour to the farthest shore.
Repeated this, till deep the well-wash'd fleece
Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt
The trout is banish'd by the foraid stream;
Heavy, and dripping, to the breezy brow
Slow move the harmless race: where as they spread
Their swelling treasures to the sunny ray,
Inly disturb'd, and wondering what this wild
Outrageous tumult means, their load complaints
The country fill; and toss'd from rock to rock,
Incessant bleatings run around the hills.
At last, of snowy white, the gather'd flocks
Are in the wattled pen innumeros press'd,
Head above head; and rang'd in lusty rows
The shepherd sit, and wet the sounding shears.
The housewife waits to roll her fleecy stores,
With all her gay-drest maids attending round.
One, chief, in gracious dignity inthron'd,
Shines o'er the rest, the pastoral queen, and rays
Her smiles, sweet-beaming, on her shepherd-king;

While the glad round them yield their souls
To festive mirth, and wit that knows no gall:
Meantime, their joyous task goes on apace:
Some mingling stir the melted tar, and some,
Deep on the new-thorn vagrant's heaving side,
To stamp his master's cypher ready stand;
Other th' unwilling wether drag along,
And, glorying in his might, the sturdy boy
Holds by the twisted horns th' indignant ram.
Behold where bound, and of its robe bereft,
By needy man, that all-depending lord,
How meek, how patient, the wild creature lies!
What softness in its melancholy face,
What dumb complaining innocence appears!
Fear not, ye gentle tribes, 'tis not the knife
Of horrid slaughter that is o'er you wav'd;
No, 'tis the tender swain's well guided shears,
Who having now, to pay his annual care,
Borrow'd your fleece, to you a cumbrous load,
Will send you bounding to your hills again.

A simple scene! yet hence Britannia sees
Her solid grandeur rise: hence she commands
Th' exalted stores of every brighter clime,
The treasures of the sun without his rage:
Hence, fervent all, with culture, toils and arts,
Wide glows her land: her dreadful thunder hence
Rides o'er the waves sublime, and now, even now,
Impending hangs o'er Gallia's humble coast;
Hence rules the circling deep, and awes the world.

'Tis raging noon; and, vertical, the Sun
Darts on the head direct his forceful rays.
O'er heaven and earth, far as the ranging eye
Can sweep, a dazzling deluge reigns; and all
From pole to pole is undistinguish'd blaze.
In vain the sight, dejected to the ground,

Stoops for relief ; thence hot ascending steams
 And keen reflect on pain. Deep to the root
 Of vegetation parch'd, the cleaving fields
 And slippery lawn an arid hue disclose,
 Blasts fancy's blooms, and wither e'en the soul.
 Echo no more returns the chearful sound
 Of sharpening scythe : the mower sinking heaps
 O'er him the humid hay, with flowers perfum'd ;
 And scarce a chirping grass-hopper is heard
 Thro' the dumb mead. Distressful Nature pants.
 The very streams look languid from afar ;
 Or, thro' th' unshelter'd glade, impatient, seem
 To hurl into the covert of the grove.

All conquering heat, oh intermit thy wrath !
 And on my throbbing temples posent thus
 Beam not so fierce ! Incessant still you flow,
 And still another fervent flood succeeds,
 Pour'd on the head profuse. In vain I sigh,
 And restless turn, and look around for night ;
 Night is far off ; and hotter hours approach.
 Thrice happy he ! who on the sunless side
 Of a romantic mountain, forest-crown'd.
 Beneath the whole collected shade reclines :
 Or in the gelid caverns, wood-bine wrought,
 And fresh bedew'd with ever shouting streams,
 Sits coolly calm : while all the world without,
 Unsatisfied, and sick, tosses in noon.
 Emblem instructive of the virtuous man.
 Who keeps his temper'd mind serene and pure,
 And every passion aptly harmoniz'd,
 Amid a jarring world with vice inflam'd.

Welcome ye shades ! ye bowery thickets hail !
 Ye lofty pines ! ye venerable oaks !
 Ye ashes wild, resounding o'er the steep !
 Delicious is your shelter to the soul,
 As to the hunted hart the fallying spring,

Or stream full-flowing. that his swelling sides
Laves, as he floats along the herbag'd brink.
Cool, thro' the nerves, your pleasing comfort glides ;
The heart beats glad ; the fresh expanded eye
And ear resume their watch , the sinews knit ;
And life shoots swift thro' all the lighten'd limbs.

Around th' adjoining brook, that purls along
The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,
Now scarcely moving thro' a reedy pool,
Now starting to a sudden stream, and now
Gently diffus'd into a limpid plain ;
A various groupe the herds and flocks compose,
Rural confusion ! On the grassy bank
Some ruminating lie ; while others stand
Half in the flood, and often bending sip
The circling surface. In the middle droops
The strong laborious ox, of honest front,
Which in compos'd he shakes ; and from his sides
The troublous insects lashes with his tail.
Returning still. Amid his subjects safe,
Slumbers the monarch swain ; his careless arm
Thrown round his head, on downy moss sustain'd ;
Here laid his scrip, with wholesome viands fill'd ;
There, listening every noise, his watchful dog.

Light fly his slumbers, if perchance a flight
Of angry gad-flies fasten on the herd ;
That startling scatters from the shallow brook,
In search of lavish stream. Tossing the foam,
They scorn the keeper's voice, and scour the plain,
Thro' all the bright severity of noon ;
While, from their labouring breasts, a hollow moan
Proceeding, runs low-bellowing round the hills.

Oft in this season too, the horse, provok'd,
While his big sinews full of spirits swell,
Trembling with vigour, in the heat of blood,

Springs the high fence ; and o'er the field effus'd,
Darts on the gloomy flood, with stedfast eye,
And heart estrang'd to fear : his nervous chest,
Luxuriant, and erect, the seat of strength !
Bears down the opposing stream : quenchless his thirst.
He takes the river at redoubled droughts ;
And with wide nostrils, snorting, skims the waves.

Still let me pierce into the mindight depth
Of yonder grove, of wildest largest growth,
That, forming high in air a woodland quire,
Nods o'er the mount beneath. At every step,
Solemn and slow, the shaddows blacker fall,
And all his awful glistening gloom around.

These are the haunts of meditation, these
The scenes where ancient bards th' inspiring breath,
Extatic felt ; and from this world retir'd,
Convers'd with angels, and immortal forms,
On gracious errands bent : to save the fall
Of virtue struggling on the brink of vice :
In waking whispers, and repeated dreams,
To hint pure thought, and warm the favour'd soul
For future trials fated to prepare ;
To prompt the poet, who devoted gives
His muse to better themes ; to soothe the pangs
Of dying worth, and from the patriot's breast,
(Backward to mingle in detested war,
But foremost when engag'd) to turn the death ;
And numberless such offices of love,
Daily and nightly zealous to perform.

Shook sudden from the bosom of the sky,
A thousand shapes or glide athwart the dusk,
Or stalk majestic on. Deep-rous'd I feel
A sacred terror, a severe delight,
Creep thro' my mortal frame ; and thus, methinks,
A voice, than human more, th' abstracted ear
Of fancy strikes. “ Be not of us afraid,

" Poor kindred man ! thy fellow-creatures, we
 " From the same Parent-power our beings draw,
 " The same our Lord, and laws, and great pursuit.
 " Once some of us, like thee, thro' stormy life,
 " Toil'd, tempest-beaten, ere we could attain
 " This holy calm, this harmony of mind,
 " Where purity and peace immingle charms.
 " Then fear not us ; but with responsive song,
 " Amid these dim recesses, undisturb'd
 " By noisy folly and discordant vice,
 " Of Nature sing with us, and Nature's God :
 " Here frequent, at the visionary hour,
 " When musing midnight reigns at silent noon,
 " Angelic harps are in full concert heard,
 " And voices chaunting from the wood-crown'd hill,
 " The deepening dale, or inmost sylvan glade ;
 " A privilege bestow'd by us alone,
 " On contemplation, or the hallow'd ear
 " Of poet, swelling to seraphic strain. "

And art thou, * Stanley, of that sacred band ?

Alas, for us too soon !—Tho' rais'd above
 The reach of human pain, above the flight
 Of human joy ; yet, with a mingl'd ray
 Of sadly pleas'd remembrance, must thou feel
 A mother's love, a mother's tender woe :
 Who seeks thee still, in many a former scene ;
 Seeks thy fair form, thy lovely beaming eyes,
 Thy pleasing converse, by gay lively sense
 Inspir'd : where moral wisdom mildly shone,
 Without the toil of art ; and virtue glow'd,
 In all her smiles, without forbidding pride.
 But, O thou best of parents ! wipe thy tears ;

* A young lady, well known to the author, who died at the age of eighteen, in the year 1738.

Or rather to Parental Nature pay
 The tears of grateful joy, who for a while
 Lent thee this younger self, this opening bloo
 Of thy enlighten'd mind and gentle worth.
 Believe the Muse: the wintry blast of death
 Kills not the buds of virtue; no, they spread,
 Beneath the heavenly beam of brighter suns,
 Thro' endless ages, into higher powers.

Thus up the mount, in airy vision rapt
 I stray, regardless whither; till the sound
 Of a near fall of water every sense [back,
 Wakes from the charm of thought: swift shrinking
 I check my steps, and view the broken scene.

Smooth to the shelving brink a copious flood
 Rolls fair and placid; where collected all,
 In one impetuous torrent, down the steep
 It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round.
 At first, an azure sheet, it rushes broad;
 Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls,
 And from the loud resounding rocks below
 Dash'd in a cloud of foam it sends aloft
 A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower.
 Nor can the tortur'd wave here find repose,
 But, raging still, amid the shaggy rocks,
 Now flashes o'er the scatter'd fragments, now
 Assant the hollow channel rapid darts;
 And falling fast from gradual slope to slope,
 With wild infracted course, and lessen'd roar,
 It gains a safer bed, and steals at last,
 Along the mazes of the quiet vale.

Invited from the cliff, to whose dark brow
 He clings, the steep-ascending eagle soars,
 With upward pinions, thro' the flood of day;
 And, giving full his bosom to the blaze,
 Gains on the sun; while all the tuneful race.
 Smit by afflictive noon, disorder'd droop,

Deep in the thicket, or from bower to bower
 Responsive, force an interrupted strain.
 The stock-dove only thro' the forest coos,
 Mournfully hoarse; oft ceasing from his p'aint,
 Short interval of weary woe! again
 The sad idea of his murder'd mate,
 Struck from his side by savage fowler's guile,
 Across his fancy comes; and then resounds
 A louder song of sorrow thro' the grove.

Beside the dewy border let me sit,
 All in the freshness of the humid air;
 There in that hollow'd rock, grotesque and wild,
 An ample chair moss-lin'd, and over head
 By flowering umbrage shaded; where the bee
 Strays diligent, and with extracted balm
 Of fragrant wood-bine leads his little thigh.

Now, while I taste the sweetness of the shade,
 While Nature lies around deep-lull'd in Noon,
 Now come, bold *Fancy*, spread a daring flight,
 And view the wonders of the *torrid zone*:
 Crimes unrelenting! with whose rage compar'd,
 Yon blaze his feeble, and yon skies are cool.

See, how at once the bright effulgent sun,
 Rising direct, swift chases from the sky
 The short-liv'd twilight; and with ardent blaze
 Looks gayly fierce o'er all the dazzling air;
 He mounts his throne; but kind before him sends,
 Issuing from out the portals of the morn,
 The * *general breeze*, to mitigate his fire,
 And breathe refreshment on a fainting world.

* *Which blows constantly between the Tropics from the east, or the collateral points, the north east and south-east: caused by the pressure of the rarified air on that before it, according to the diurnal motion of the sun from east to west.*

Great are the scenes, with dreadful beauty crown'd
 And barbarous wealth, that see, each circling year,
Returning suns and * *double Seasons pass* :
 Rocks rich in gems, and mountains big with mines,
 That on the high equator rigid rise,
 Whence many a burbling stream auriferous plays :
 Majestic woods of every vigorous green,
 Stage above stage, high wavering o'er the hills ;
 Or to the far horizon wide diffus'd,
 A boundless deep immensity of shade.
 Here lofty trees, to ancient song unknown,
 The noble sons of potent heat and floods
 Prone rushing from the clouds, rear high to heaven
 Their thorny stems, and broad around them throw
 Meridian gloom. Here, in eternal prime,
 Unnumber'd fruits, of keen delicious taste
 And vital spirit, drink amid the cliffs,
 And burning sands that bank the shrubby vales,
 Redoubled day, yet in their rugg'd coats
 A friendly juice to cool its rage contain.

Bear me, *Pomona* ! to thy citron groves ;
 To where the lemon and the piercing lime,
 With the deep orange growing thro' the green,
 Their lighter glories blend. Lay me reclin'd
 Beneath the spreading tamarind that shakes,
 Fann'd by the breeze, its fever cooling fruit.
 Deep in the night the massy locust sheds,
 Quench my hot limbs ; or lead me thro' the maze,
 Embowering endless, of the *Indian fig*,
 Or thrown at gayer ease, on some fair brow,
 Let me behold, by breezy mur'urs cool'd,
 Broad o'er my head the verdant cedar wave,

* *In all places between the Tropics, the sun, as he passes and repasses in his annual motion, is twice a year perpendicular, which produces this effect.*

And high palmetos lift their graceful shade,
 O stretch'd amid these orchards of the sun,
 Give me to drain the cocoa's milky bowl,
 And from the palm to draw its freshing wine!
 More bounteous far than all the frantic juice
 Which *Bacchus* pours. Nor, on its slender twigs
 Low-bending be the full pomegranate scorn'd;
 Now creeping thro' the woods, the gelid race
 Of berries. Oft in humble station dwells
 Unboastful worth, above fastidious pomp,
 Witness, thou best Ana, thou the pride,
 Of vegetable life, beyond whate'er
 The poets imag'd in the golden age:
 Quick let me strip thee of thy tufty coat,
 Spread thy ambrosial stores, and feast with *Jove*!

From these the prospect varies. Plains immense
 Lie stretched below, interminable meads,
 And vast savannahs, where the wandering eye,
 Unfix'd, is in a verdant ocean lost.
 Another *Flora* there, of bolder hues,
 And richer sweets, beyond our garden's pride,
 Plays o'er the fields, and showers with sudden hand
 Exuberant spring: for oft these vallies shift
 Their green-embroidered robe to fiery brown,
 And swift to green again, as scorching suns,
 Or streaming dews and torrent rains, prevail
 Along these lonely regions, where retir'd:
 From little scenes of art, great *Nature* dwells
 In awful solitude, and nought is seen
 But the wild herds that own no master's stall,
 Prodigious rivers roll their fatning seas:
 On whose luxuriant herbage, half conceal'd,
 Like a fallen cedar, far diffus'd his train,
 Cas'd in green scales, the crocodile extends.
 The flood disparts: behold! in plaited mail

Behemoth * rears his head. Glanc'd from his side,
The darted steel in idle shivers flies :

He fearless walks the plain, or seeks the hills ;
Where, as he crops his vary'd fare, the herds,
In widening circle round, forget their food,
And at the harmless stranger wondering gaze.

Peaceful, beneath primeval trees, that cast
Their ample shade o'er *Niger's* yellow stream,
And where the *Ganges* rolls his sacred wave ;
Or mid the central depth of blackning woods,
High rais'd in solem theatre around,
Leans the huge elephant ; wisest of brutes !
O truly wise ! with gentle might endow'd,
Tho' powerful, not destructive ! Here he sees
Revolving ages sweep the changeful earth,
And empires rise and fall ; regardless he
Of what the never-resting race of men
Project : thrice happy ! could he 'scape their guile,
Who mine, from cruel avarice, his steps ;
Or with his towery grandeur swell their state,
The pride of kings ! or else his strength pervert,
And bid him rage amid the mortal fray,
Astonish'd at the madness of mankind.
Wide o'er the winding umbrage of the floods,
Like vivid blossoms glowing from afar,
Thick swarm the brighter birds. For Nature's hand,
That with a sportive vanity has deck'd
The plummy nations, there her gayest hues
Profusely pours. † But, if she bids them shine,
Array'd in all the beauteous beams of day.
Yet frugal still, she humbles them in song.

* *The Hippopotamus, or river-horse.*

† *In all the regions of the torrid zone, the birds, tho' more beautiful in their plumage, are observed to be less melodious than ours.*

Nor envy we the gaudy robes they lent
Proud *Montezuma's* realm, whose legions cast
A boundless radiance waving on the sun,
While *Philomel* is ours; while in our shades,
Thro' the soft silence of the listening night,
The sober-suited songstress trills her lay.

But come, my Muse, the desert barrier burst,
A wide expanse of lifeless sand and sky:
And, swifter than the toiling caravan,
Shoot o'er the vale of *Sennar*; ardent climb
The *Nubian* mountains, and the secret bounds
Of jealous *Abyssinia* boldly pierce.
Thou art no ruffian, who beneath the mask
Of social commerce com'st to rob their wealth:
No *holy Fury* thou, blaspheming Heaven,
With consecrated steel to stab their peace,
And thro' the land, yet red from civil wounds,
To spread the purple tyranny of *Rome*,
Thou, like the harmless bee, may'st freely range,
From mead to mead bright with exalted flowers,
From jasmine grove to grove, may'st wander gay,
Thro' palmy shades and aromatic woods,
That grace the plains, invest the peopled hills,
And up the more than Alpine mountains wave.
There on the breezy summit, spreading fair,
For many a league, or on stupendous rocks,
That from the sun-redoubling valley lift,
Cool to the middle air, their lawny tops;
Where palaces, and fanes, and villas rise;
And gardens smile around, and cultur'd fields;
And fountains gush; and careless herds and flocks
Securely stray; a world within itself,
Disdaining all assault: there let me draw
Ethereal soul, there drink reviving gales,
Profusely breathing from the spicy groves,
And vales of fragrance; there at distance hear

The roaring floods, and cataracts, that sweep
 From disembowel'd earth the virgin gold ;
 And o'er the varied landskip restless rove,
 Fervent with life of every fairer kind :
 A land of wonders ! which the sun still eyes
 With ray direct, as of the lovely realm
 Inamour'd, and delighting there to dwell.

How chang'd the scene ! In blazing height of noon,
 The sun, oppress'd, is plung'd in thickest gloom.
 Still horror reigns, a dreary twilight round,
 Of struggling night and day malignant mix'd.
 For to the hot equator crouding fast,
 Where, highly rarify'd, the yielding air
 Admits their stream, incessant vapours roll,
 Amazing clouds on clouds continual heap'd ;
 Or whirl'd tempestuous by the gusty wind,
 Or silent borne along, heavy and slow,
 With the big stores of streaming oceans charg'd.
 Mean time, amid these upper seas condens'd
 Around the cold aerial mountains brow,
 And by conflicting winds together dash'd,
 The Thunder holds his black tremendous throne :
 From cloud to cloud the rending Lightnings rage :
 Till in the furious elemental war
 Dissolv'd, the whole precipitated mass
 Unbroken floods and solid torrents pours.

The treasures these, hid from the bounded search
 Of ancient knowledge ; whence, with annual pomp,
 Rich king of floods ! o'erflows the swelling *Nile*.
 From his two springs, in Gojam's sunny realm,
 Pure-welling out, he thro' the lucid lake
 Of fair Dambea rolls his infant stream.
 There by the Naiads nurs'd, he sports away
 His playful youth, amid the fragrant isles ;
 That with unfading verdure smile around.
 Ambitious, thence the manly river breaks ;

And gathering many a flood, and copious fed
 With all the mellow'd treasures of the sky,
 Winds in progressive majesty along :
 Thro' splendid kingdoms now devolves his maze.
 Now wanders wild o'er solitary tracts
 Of life-deserted sand ; till glad to quit
 The joyless desert, down the Nubian rocks
 From thundering steep to steep, he pours his urn,
 And Egypt joys beneath the spreading wave.

His brother Niger too, and all the floods
 In which the full-formed maids of Afric lave
 Their jetty limbs ; and all that from the tract
 Of woody mountains stretch'd thro' gorgeous Ind
 Fall on Cormandel's coast, or Malabar ;
 From § Menam's orient stream, that nightly shines
 With insect-lamps, to where Aurora sheds
 On Indus' smiling banks the rosy shower :
 All, at this bounteous season, ope their urns,
 And pour untailing harvest o'er the land.
 No, less thy world, Columbus, drinks, refresh'd,
 The lavish'd moisture of the melting year.
 Wide o'er his isles, the branching Oronoque
 Rolls a brown deluge ; and the natives drives
 To dwell aloft on life-sufficing trees,
 At once his dome, his robe, his food, and arms.
 Swell'd by a thousand streams, impetuous hurl'd
 From all the roaring Andes. huge descends
 The mighty † Orellana. Scarce the Muse
 Dares stretch her wing o'er this enormous mass
 Of rushing water ; scarce he dares attempt

§ *The river that runs through Siam ; on whose
 banks a vast multitude of those insects called Fire flies,
 make a beautiful appearance in the night.*

† *The river of the Amazons,*

The sea-like Plata ; to whose dread expanse,
 Continuous depth, and wond'rous length of course,
 Our floods are rills. With unabated force,
 In silent dignity they sweep along,
 And traverse realms unknown, and blooming wilds,
 And fruitful desarts, worlds of solitude,
 Where the sun smiles, and seasons teem in vain,
 Unseen, and unenjoyed. Forsaking these,
 O'er peopled plains they fair diffusive flow,
 And many a nation feed, and circle safe,
 In their soft bosom, many a happy isle ;
 The seat of blameless Pan, yet undisturb'd
 By christian crimes and Europe's cruel sons.
 Thus pouring on they proudly seek the deep,
 Whose vanquish'd tide, recoiling from the shock,
 Yields to this liquid weight of half the globe ;
 And oceans tremble for his green domain.

But what avails this wondrous waste of wealth ?
 This gay profusion of luxurions bliss ?
 This pomp of Nature ? what their balmy meads,
 Their powerful herbs, and Ceres void of pain ?
 By fragrant birds dispers'd, and wafting winds,
 What their unplanted fruits ? What the cool draughts,
 Th' ambrosial food, rich gums, and spicy health,
 Their forests yield ? their toiling insects what,
 Their silky pride, and vegetable robes ?
 Ah ! what avail their fatal treasures, hid
 Deep in the bowels of the pitying earth,
 Golconda's gems, and sad Potosi's mines ;
 Where dwelt the gentle children of the sun ?
 What all the golden Afric rivers roll,
 Her odorous woods, and shining ivory stores ?
 Ill-fated race ! the soft'ning arts of peace,
 What'e'r the humanizing Muses teach ;
 The god-like wisdom of the temper'd breast ;
 Progressive truth. the patient force of thought ;

Investigation calm, whose silent powers
Command the world; the light that leads to Heaven;
Kind equal rule, the government of laws,
And, all-protecting freedom, which alone
Sustains the name and dignity of Man;
These are not theirs. The parent-sun himself
Seems o'er this world of slaves to tyrannize;
And with oppressive ray, the roseat bloom
Of beauty blasting, gives the gloomy hue,
And feature gross: or worse, to ruthless deeds;
Mad jealousy, blind rage, and fell revenge,
Their fervent spirit fires. Love dwells not there,
The soft regards, the tenderness of life,
The heart-fled tear, th' ineffable delight
Of sweet humanity: these court the beam
Of milder climes; in selfish fierce desire,
And the wild fury of voluptuous sense,
There lost. The very brute creation there
This rage partakes, and burns with horrid fire.

Lo! the green serpent, from his dark abode,
Which when imagination fears to tread,
At noon forth issuing, gathers up his train
In orbs immense, then darting out anew,
Seeks the refreshing fount; by which diffus'd,
He throws his folds: and while, with threatening
And deathful jaws erect, the monster curls [tongue,
His flaming crest, all other thirst appal'd,
Or shivering flies, or check'd at distance stands,
Nor dares approach. But still more direful he,
The small close lurking minister of fate,
Whose high concocted venom thro' the veins
A rapid lightning darts, arresting swift
The vital current. Form'd to humble Man,
This child of vengeful Nature! There sublim'd
To fearless lust of blood, the savage race

Roam, licens'd by the shading hour of guilt,
And foul misdeed, when the pure day has shut
His sacred eye. The tyger darting fierce,
Impetuous on the prey his glance has doom'd :
The lively shining leopard, speckled o'er
With many a spot, the beauty of the waste ;
And scorning all the taming arts of Man,
The keen hyena, fellest of the fell.
These, rushing from the inhospitable woods
Of Mauritania, or the tufted isles,
That verdant rise amid the Lybian wild,
Innumerable glare around their shaggy king,
Majestic, stalking o'er the painted sand :
And with imperious and repeated roars,
Demand their fated food. The fearful flocks
Croud near the guardian swain ; the nobler herds,
Where round their lordly bull, in rural ease,
They ruminating lie, with horror hear
The coming rage. Th' awaken'd village starts ;
And to her fluttering breast the mother strains
Her thoughtless infant. From the pyrate's den,
Or stern Morocco's tyrant fang escap'd,
The wretch half wishes for his bonds again :
While, uproar all, the wilderness resounds,
From Atlas eastward to the frightened Nile.
Unhappy he ! who from the first of joys,
Society cut off, is left alone
Amid this world of death. Day after day,
Sad on the jutting eminence he sits,
And views the main that ever toils below ;
Still fondly forming in the farthest verge.
Where the round ether mixes with the wave,
Ships, dim discover'd, dropping from the clouds ;
At evening, to the setting sun he turns
A mournful eye, and down his dying heart
Sinks helpless ; while the wonted roar is up,

And his continual thro' the tedious night.
Yet here, even here, into these black abodes
Of monsters, unappal'd from stooping Rome,
And guilty Cæsar, Liberty retir'd,
Her Cato following thro' Numidian wilds :
Disdainful of Campania's gentle plains,
And all the green delights Ausonia pours ;
When for them she must bend the servile knee,
And fawning take the splendid robber's boon.
Nor stop the terrors of those regions here.
Commision'd demons oft, angels of wrath,
Let loose the raging elements. Breath'd hot
From all the boundless furnace of the sky,
And the wide glittering waste of burning sand,
A suffocating wind the pilgrim smites
With instant death. Patient of thirst and toil,
Son of the desert ! even the camel feels,
Shot thro' his wither'd heart, the fiery blast.
Or from the black-red ether, bursting broad,
Sallies the sudden whirlwind : Strait the sands,
Commov'd around, in gathering eddies play :
Nearer and nearer still they darkening come ;
Till with the general all-involving storm
Swept up, the whole continuous wilds arise.
And by their noon-day fount dejected thrown,
Or sunk at night in sad disastrous sleep
Beneath descending hills, the caravan
Is buried deep. In Cairo's crouded streets,
Th' impatient merchant, wondering waits in vain,
And Mecca saddens at the long delay.
But chief at sea, whose every flexile wave
Obeys the blast, the aerial tumult swells.
In the dread ocean undulating wide,
Beneath the radiant line that girds the globe,

The circling * Typhon, whirl'd from point to point
 Exhausting all the rage of all the sky,
 And dire † Ecnephia reign. Amid the heavens,
 Falsely serene, deep in a cloudy & speck
 Compress'd, the mighty tempest brooding dwells,
 Of no regard, save to the skilful eye,
 Fiery and foul, the small prognostic hangs
 Aloft or on the promontory's brow
 Musters its force. A faint deceitful calm,
 A fluttering gale, the demon sends before,
 To tempt the spreading sail. Then down at once,
 Precipitant, descends a mingled mass
 Of roaring winds, and flame, and rushing floods.
 In wild amazement fix'd the sailor stands.
 Art is too slow: by rapid fate oppress'd,
 His broad-wing'd vessel drinks the whelming tide,
 Hid in the bosom of the black abyss.
 With such mad seas the daring ¶ Gama fought,
 For many a day, and many a dreadful night,
 Incessant lab'ring round the stormy cape;
 By bold ambition led, and bolder thirst
 Of gold. For then from ancient gloom emerg'd
 The rising world of trade: the *Genius*, then,
 Of Navigation, that, in hopeless sloth,
 Had slumber'd on the vast Atlantic deep,
 For idle ages, starting, heard at last

* *Typhon and Ecnephia, names of particular storms or hurricanes known only between the tropics.*

† *Called by sailors the Ox-Eye, being in appearance at first no bigger.*

¶ *Vasca de Gama, the first who sailed round Africa, by the Cape of Good Hope; to the East Indies.*

The * Lusitanian prince¹ who, heav'n-inspir'd,
To love of useful glory rous'd mankind,
And in unbounded Commerce mix'd the world.

Increasing still the terrys of these storms,
His jaws horrific arm'd with three-fold fate,
Here dwells the direful shark. Lur'd by the scent
Of streaming crouds, of rank disease and death,
Behold! he rushing cuts the briny flood,
Swift as the gale can bear the ship along;
And, from the partners of that cruel trade,
Which spoils unhappy Guinea of her sons,
Demands his share of prey; demands themselves.
The stormy fates descend: one death involves
Tyrants and slaves; when straight, their mangled
Crushing at once, he dyes, the purple seas (limbs
With gore, and riots in the vengetul mead.

When o'er this world, by equinoctial rains
Flooded immense, looks out the joyless sun,
And draws the copious steam; from swampy fens,
Where putrefaction into life ferments,
And breathes destructive myriads; or from woods.
Impenetrable shades, recesses foul,
In vapours rank, and blue corruption wrapt,
Whose gloomy horrors yet no desperate foot
Has ever dar'd to pierce: then, wasteful, forth
Walks the dire *Power* of pestilent disease.
A thousand hedious fiends her course attend,
Sick Nature blasting, and to heartless woe,
And feeble desolation, casting down
The towering hopes and all the pride of Man.
Such as of late, at Carthagea quench'd,

* Don Henry, third son to John the first, king of Portugal. His strong genius to the discovery of new countries, was the chief source of all the modern improvements in navigation.

The British fire. You, gallant Vernon, saw
 The miserable scene; you, pitying, saw
 To infant-weakness sunk the warrior's arm;
 Saw the deep-racking pang, the ghastly form,
 The lip pale-quivering, and the beamless eye
 No more with ardour bright: you heard the groans
 Of agonizing ships from shore to shore;
 Heard, nightly plung'd amid the sullen waves,
 The frequent corse; while on each other fix'd,
 In sad presage, the blank assistants seem'd,
 Silent, to ask, whom Fate would next demand.

What need I mention those inclement skies,
 Where, frequent o'er the sickening city, Plague,
 The fiercest child of Nemesis divine,
 Descends? * From Ethiopia's poison'd woods,
 From stifled Cairo's filth, and fetid fields
 With locust armies putrefying heap'd.
 This great destroyer sprung. Her awful rage
 The brutes escape: Man is her destin'd prey.
 Intemperate Man! and o'er his guilty domes,
 She draws a close incumbent cloud of death;
 Uninterrupted by the living winds,
 Forbid to blow a wholesome breeze; and stain'd
 With many a mixture by the sun diffus'd
 Of angry aspect. Princely wisdom then,
 Dejects his watchful eye; and from the hand
 Of feeble justice, ineffectual, drop
 The sword and balance: mute the voice of joy.
 And hush'd the clamour of the busy world.
 Empty the streets, with uncooth verdure clad;
 Into the worst of desarts sudden turn'd
 The chearful haunt of Men: unless escap'd

** These are the causes supposed to be the first origin
 of the Plague, in Dr. Mead's elegant book on that
 subject.*

From the doom'd house, where matchless horror
Shut up by barbarous fear, the smitten wretch, (reigns,
With frenzy wild, breaks loose; and loud to heaven
Screaming, the dreadful policy arraigns,
Inhuman, and unwise. The sullen door,
Yet unaffected, on its cautious hinge,
Fearing to turn, abhors society:
Dependants, friends, relations, Love himself,
Savag'd by woe, forget the tender tie,
The sweet engagement of the feeling heart.
But vain their selfish care: the circling sky,
The wide enivening air is full of fate;
And struck by turns, in solitary pangs
They fall, unblest, untended, and unmourn'd.
Thus o'er the prostrate city black Despair
Extends her raven wing; while, to complete
The scene of desolation, stretch'd around,
The grim guard stands, denying all retreat,
And give the flying wretch a better death.
Much yet remains unsung: the rage intense
Of brazen vaulted skies, of iron fields,
Where drought and famine starve the blasted year:
Fir'd by the torch of noon to tenfold rage,
Th' infuriate hell that shoots the pillar'd flame;
And rous'd within the subterranean world,
Th' expanding earthquake, that resistless shakes
Aspiring cities from their solid base,
And buries mountains in the flaming gulph.
But 'tis enough: return my vagrant Muse:
A nearer scene of horror calls thee home.

Behold, now settling o'er the lurid grove
Unusual darkness broods: and growing gains
The full possession of the sky, surcharg'd
With wrathful vapour, from the secret beds,
Where sleep the mineral generation drawn.
Thence Nitre, Sulphur, and the fiery spume

Of fat bitumen. steaming on the day,
With various tinctur'd trains of latent flame,
Pollute the sky, and in yon baleful cloud,
A reddening gloom, a magazine of fate,
Ferment; till by the touch ethereal rous'd,
The dash of clouds, or irritating war
Of fighting winds, while all is calm below,
They furious spring. Aboding silence reigns,
Dread thro' the dun expanse; save the dull sound
That from the mountain, previous to the storm,
Rolls o'er the murmuring earth, disturbs the flood,
And shakes the forest leaf without a breath.
Prone, to the lowest vale, th' aerial tribes
Descend: the tempest-loving raven scarce
Dares wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze
The cattle stand, and on the scowling heavens
Cast a deploring eye; by Man forsook,
Who to the crowded cottage hies him fast,
Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.

'Tis listening fear, and dumb amazement all
When to the startled eye the sudden glance;
Appears far south, eruptive thro' the cloud;
And following slower, in explosion vast,
The thunder raises his tremendous voice.
At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven,
The tempest growls; but as it nearer comes,
And rolls its awful burden on the wind,
The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
The noise astounds: till over head a sheet
Of livid flame discloses wide; then shuts,
And opens wider: shuts and opens still
Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze.
Follows the loosen'd aggravated roar,
Enlarging, deepening, mingling; peal on peal
Crush'd horrible, convulsive heaven and earth.
Down comes a deluge of sonorous hail,

Or prone-descending rain. Wide rent the clouds,
Pour a whole flood ; and yet its flame unquench'd,
Th' unconquerable lightning struggles through,
Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls,
And fires the mountains with redoubled rage.
Black from the stroke, above, the smouldring pine
Stands a sad shatter'd trunk ; and stretch'd below,
A lifeless groupe the blasted cattle lie.
Here the soft flocks, with that same harmless look
They wore alive, and ruminating still
In fancy's eye ; and there the frowning bull,
And ox half-rais'd. Stuck on the castle cliff,
The venerable tower and spiry fane
Resign their aged pride. The gloomy woods
Start at the flash, and from their deep recess,
Wide-flaming out, their trembling inmates shake.
Amid Carnarvon's mountains rages loud
The repercussive roar : with mighty crush,
Into the flashing deep, from the rude rocks
Of Penmanmaur heap'd hideous to the sky,
Tumble the smitten cliffs ; and Snowden's peak,
Dissolving, instant yields his wintry load.
Far seen, the heights of healthy Cheviot blaze,
And Thule bellows thro' her utmost isles.

Guilt hears appal'd, with deeply troubl'd thought,
And yet not always on the guilty head
Descends the fated flash. Young Celadon
And his Amelia were a matchless pair ;
With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace,
The same distinguish'd by their sex alone :
Hers the mild lustre of the blooming morn,
And his the radiance of the risen day.

They lov'd : but such their guileless passion was,
As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart
Of Innocence, and undissembled truth.
[Twas friendship heighten'd by the mutual wish,

Th'enchanting hope, and sympathetic glow,
 Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all
 To love, each was to each a dearer self;
 Supremely happy in th' awaken'd power
 Of giving joy. Alone, amid the shades,
 Still in harmonious intercourse they lived
 The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,
 Or sigh'd, and look'd unutterable things.

So pass'd their life, a clear united stream,
 By care unruffled; till, in evil hour,
 The tempest caught them on the tender walk,
 Heedless how far, and where it mazes stray'd,
 While, with each other blest, creative love
 Still bade eternal Eden smile around,
 Heavy with instant fate her bosom heav'd
 Unwonted sighs, and stealing oft n look
 Of the big gloom, on Celadon her eye
 Fell tearful, wetting her disorder'd cheek.
 In vain assuring love, and confidence
 In heaven, repress'd her fear; it grew, and shook
 Her frame near dissolution. He perceiv'd
 Th' unequal conflict, and as angels look
 On dying faints, his eyes compassion shed,
 With love illumin'd high. "Fear not, he said,
 " Sweet innocence; thou stranger to offence,
 " And inward storm! He, who yon sky involves
 " In frowns of darkness, ever smiles on thee
 " With kind regard. O'er thee the secret shaft
 " That wastes at midnight, or th' undreaded hour,
 " Of noon, flies harmless; and that very voice
 " Which thunders terror thro' the guilty heart,
 " With tongues of seraphs whispers peace to thine,
 " 'Tis safety to be near thee sure, and thus,
 " To clasp perfection!" From this void embrace
 (Mysterious Heaven!) that moment to the ground,
 A blacken'd corse, was struck, the beauteous maid.

S U M M E R.

But who can paint the lover, as he stood,
Pierc'd by severe amazement, hating life,
Speechless, and fix'd in all the death of woe!
So, faint resemblance, on the marble tomb,
The well-resembled mourner stooping stands,
For ever silent, and for ever sad.

As from the face of heaven the shatter'd cloud
Tumultuous rove, the interminable sky
Sublimely swells, and o'er the world expands
A purer azure. Nature, from the storm,
Shines out afresh; and thro' the lightened air
A higher lustre and a clearer calm,
Diffusive, tremble; while, as if in sign
Of danger past, a glittering robe of joy,
Set off abundant by the yellow ray,
Invests the fields, yet dropping from distress.

'Tis beauty all, and grateful song around,
Join'd to the low of kine, and numerous bleat
Of flocks thick-nibbling thro' the clover'd vale.
And shall the hymn be marr'd by thankless Man,
Most favour'd; who, with voice articulate
Should lead the chorus of the lower world?
Shall he, so soon forgetful of the hand
That hush'd the thunder, and serenest the sky,
Extinguish'd feel that spark the tempest wak'd,
That sense of powers exceeding far his own,
Ere yet his feeble heart has lost its fears?

Chear'd by the milder beam, the sprightly youth
Speeds to the well-known pool, whose crystal depth,
A sandy bottom shews. A while he stands
Gazing th' inverted landscape, half afraid
To mediate the blue profound below;
Then plunges headlong down the circling flood,
His ebon tresses, and his rosy cheek
Instant emerge; and thro' th' obedient wave,

At each short breathing, by his lip repell'd,
 With arms and legs according well, he makes,
 As humour leads, an easy winding path ;
 While, from his polish'd sides, a dewy light
 Effuses on the pleas'd spectators round.

This is the purest exercise of health,
 The kind refresher of the summer heats ;
 Nor, when cold winter keens the brightening flood,
 Would I weak-shivering linger on the brink.
 Thus life redoubles, and is oft preserv'd,
 By the bold swimmer, in the swift elapse
 Of accidents disastrous. Hence the limbs
 Knit into force ; and the same Roman arm,
 That rose victorious o'er the conquer'd earth,
 First learn'd, while tender, to subdue the wave,
 Even from the body's purity, the mind
 Receives a secret sympathetic aid.

Close in the covert of a hazel copse,
 Where winded into pleasing solitudes
 Runs out the rambling dale, young Damon sat,
 Pensive, and pierc'd with love's delightful pangs,
 There to the stream that down the distant rocks
 Hoarse murmuring fell, and plaintive breeze that
 Among the bending willows, falsely he (play'd
 Of Musidora's cruelty complain'd.
 She felt his flame ; but deep within her breast,
 In bashful coyness, or in maiden pride,
 The soft return conceal'd ; save when it stole
 In side-long glances from her down-cast eye,
 Or from her swelling soul in stifled sighs.
 Touch'd by the scene, no stranger to his vows,
 He nam'd a melting lay, to try her heart ;
 And, if an infant passion struggled there,
 To call that passion forth. Thrice happy swain !
 A lucky chance, that oft decides the fate
 Of mighty monarchs, then decided thine.

For, lo! conducted by the laughing Loves,
This cool retreat his Musidora sought :
Warm in her cheek the sultry season glow'd ;
And, rob'd in loose array, she came to bathe
Her fervent limbs in the refreshing stream.
What shall he do ? In sweet confusion lost,
And dubious flutterings, he a while remain'd :
A pure ingenious elegance of soul,
A delicate refinement, known to few,
Perplex'd his breast, and urg'd him to retire ;
But love forbade. Ye prudes in virtue say,
Say, ye severest, what would you have done ?
Meantime, this fairer nymph than ever blest
Arcadian stream, with timid eye around
The bank surveying, strip'd her beauteous limbs.
To taste the lucid coolness of the flood.
Ah then ! not Paris on the piny top
Of Ida panted stronger, when aside
The rival-goddeses the veil divine
Cast unconfin'd, and gave him all their charms,
Than, Damon, thou ; as from the snowy leg,
And slender foot, th' inverted silk she drew ;
As the soft touch dissolv'd the virgin zone ;
And, thro' the parting robe, th' alternate breast,
With youth wild-throbbing, on thy lawless gaze
In full luxuriance rose. But, desperate youth,
How darst thou risque thy soul distracting view ;
As from her naked limbs, of glowing white,
Harmonious swell'd by Nature's finest hand,
In folds loose floating fell the fainter lawn ;
And fair expos'd the flood, shrunk from herself,
With fancy blushing, at the doubtful breeze
Alarm'd, and starting like the fearful fawn ?
Then to the flood she rush'd ; the parted flood
Its lovely guest with closing waves receiv'd ;

And every beauty softening, every grace
 Flushing anew, a mellow lustre shed ;
 As shines the lilly thro' the crystal mild ;
 Or as the rose amid the morning dew,
 Fresh from Aurora's hand, more sweetly glows.
 While thus she wanton'd now beneath the wave
 But ill conceal'd ; and now with streaming locks,
 That half-embrac'd her in the humid veil.
 Rising again, the latent Damon drew
 Such madning draughts of beauty to the soul,
 As for a while o'erwhelm'd his raptur'd thought
 With luxury too daring. Check'd, at last,
 By love's respectful modesty, he deem'd
 The theft profane, if ought profane to love
 Can e'er be deem'd ; and struggling from the shade,
 With headlong hurry fled : but first these lines,
 Trac'd by his ready pencil, on the bank,
 With trembling hand he threw. " Bathe on, my fair,
 " Yet unbeheld, save by the sacred eye
 " Of faithful love : I go to guard thy haunt,
 " To keep from thy recess each vagrant foot.
 " And each licentious eye." With wild surprize,
 As it to marble struck, devoid of sense,
 A stupid moment motionless she stood :
 So stands the * statue that enchants the world,
 So bending tries to veil the matchless boast,
 The mingled beauties of exulting Greece.
 Recovering, swift she flew to find those robes
 Which blissful Eden knew not ; and array'd
 In careless haste, th' alarming paper snatch'd.
 But, when her Damon's well known hand she saw,
 Her terrors vanish'd, and a softer train
 Of mix'd emotions, hard to be describ'd,
 Her sudden bosom seiz'd ; shame void of guilt,

* *The Venus of Medici.*

The charming blush of innocence, esteem
And admiration of her lover's flame.
By modesty exalted; even a sense
Of self approving beauty stole across
Her busy thought. At length a tender calm
Hush'd by degrees the tumult of her soul;
And on the spreading beach, that o'er the stream
Incumbant hung, she with a silvan pen
Of rural lovers this confession carv'd,
Which soon her Damon kiss'd with weeping joy:
" Dear youth ! sole judge of what these verses mean,
" By fortune too much favour'd, but by love,
" Alas ! not favour'd less, be still as now,
" Discreet : the time may come you need not fly."
The sun has lost his rage : his downward orb
Shoots nothing now but animating warmth,
And vital lustre ; that with various ray,
Lights up the clouds, those beauteous robes of
Incessant roll'd into romantic shapes, [heaven,
The dream of waking fancy ! Broad below,
Cover'd with ripening fruits, and swelling fast
Into the perfect year, the pregnant earth
And all her tribes rejoice. Now the soft hour
Of walking comes : for him who lonely loves
To seek the distant hills, and there converse
With Nature ; there to harmonize his heart,
And in pathetic song to breathe around
The harmony to others. Social friends,
Attun'd to happy unison of soul ;
To whose exalting eye a fairer world,
Of which the vulgar never had a glimpse,
Displays its charms : whose minds are richly fraught
With philosophic stores, superior light ;
And in whose breast, enthusiastic, burns
Virtue, the sons of interest deems romance ;
Now call'd abroad enjoy the falling day ;

Now to the verdant *Portico* off woods,
 To Nature's vast *Lyceum* forth they walk ;
 By that kind *School* where no proud master reigns,
 The full free converse of the friendly heart,
 Improving, and improv'd. Now from the world,
 Sacred to sweet retirement, lovers steal,
 And pour their souls in transport, which the Sire,
 Of love approving hears, and *calls it good*.
 Which way, Amanda, shall we bend our course ?
 The choice perplexes. Wherefore should we chuse ?
 All is the same with thee. Say, shall we wind
 Along the streams ? or walk the smiling mead ?
 Or court the forest glades ? or wander wild
 Among the waving harvests ? or ascend,
 While radiant Summer opens all its pride,
 Thy hill, delightful * *Shene* ? Here let us sweep
 The boundless landskip ; now the raptur'd eye,
 Exulting swift, to huge *Augusta* send,
 Now to the ¶ *Sister-bills* that skirt her plain,
 To lofty *Harrow* now, and now to where
 Majestic *Windsor* lifts his princely brow.
 In lovely contrast to this glorious view
 Calmly magnificent, then will we turn
 To where the silver *Thames* first rural grows.
 There let the feasted eye unwear'd stray :
 Luxurious, there, rove thro' the pendant woods
 That nodding hang o'er *Harrington's* retreat ;
 And, stooping thence to *Ham's* embowering walks,
 Beneath whose shades, in spotless peace retir'd,
 With Her the pleasing partner of his heart,
 The worthy *Queensb'ry* yet laments his Gay,
 And polish'd *Cornbury* wooes the willing Muse,

* *The old name of Richmond, signifies in Saxon, Shining, or Sylendo.*

¶ *Highbate and Hampstead.*

Slow let us trace the matchless Vale of Thames;
Fair winding up to where the Muses haunt
In Twitnam's bowers, and for their Pope implore
The healing God; to royal Hampton's pile,
To Clermont's terrass'd height, and Esher's groves,
Where in the sweetest solitude. embrac'd
By the soft windings of the silent Mole,
From courts and senates Pelham finds repose.
Inchanting vale! beyond whate'er the Muse,
Has of Achia or Hesperia sung!
O vale of bliss! O softly swelling hills!
On which the *Power of Cultivation* lies,
And joys to see the wonders of his toil.

Heavens! what a goodly prospect spreads around,
Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,
And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all
The stretching landskipe into smoke decays!
Happy Britania! where the Queen of Arts,
Inspiring vigour, Liberty abroad
Walks, unconfin'd, even to thy farthest cotts,
And scatters plenty with unsparing hand.

Rich is thy soil, and merciful thy clime;
Thy streams unfailing in the summer's drought;
Unmatch'd thy guardian-oaks; thy vallies float
With golden waves: and on thy mountains flocks
Bleat numberless; while, roving round their sides,
Bellow the blackening herds in lusty droves.
Beneath, thy meadows glow, and rise unquell'd
Against the mower's sythe. On every hand
The villa's shine. Thy country teems with wealth:
And property assures it to the swain,
Pleas'd, and unwearied in his guardian toil.

Full are thy cities with the sons of art:
And trade and joy, in every busy street,
Mingling are heard: even Drudgery himself,
As at the car he sweats, or dusty hews

The palace-stone looks gay. Thy crouded ports,
 Where rising masts an endless prospect yield,
 With labour burn, and echo to the shouts
 Of hurry'd sailor, as he hearty waves
 His last adieu, and loosening every sheet,
 Resigns the spreading vessel to the wind.

Bold, firm, and graceful, are thy generous youth
 By hardship sinew'd, and by danger fir'd,
 Scattering the nations where they go; and first
 Or on the list'd plain, or stormy seas.

Mild are thy glories too, as o'er the plains
 Of thriving peace thy thoughtful fires preside;
 In genius, and substantial learning high;
 For every virtue, every worth renown'd;
 Sincere, plain hearted, hospitable, kind;
 Yet like the mustering thunder, when provok'd,
 The dread of tyrants, and the sole resource
 Of those that under grim oppression groan
 Thy sons of glory many! Alfred thine
 In whom the splendor of heroic war,

And more heroic peace, when govern'd well
 Combine; whose hallow'd name the virtuous saint,
 And *his own* Muses love; the best of *Kings*!

With him thy Edwards and thy Henry's shine,
 Names dear to fame; the first who deep impress'd
 On haughty Gaul the terror of thy arms,
 That awes her genius still. In Statesmen thou

And patriots, fertile. Thine a steady More,
 Who, with a generous, tho' mistaken zeal,
 Withstood a brutal tyrant's useful rage,
 Like Cato firm, like Aristides just,
 Like rigid Cincinnatus nobly poor,
 A dauntless soul erect, who smil'd on death.
 Frugal and wise, a Walsingham is thine;
 A Drake, who made the mistress of the deep,
 And bore thy name in thunder round the world;

Then flam'd thy spirit high : but who can speak
The numerous worthies of the Maiden Reign ?
In Raleigh mark their every gloomy mix'd ;
Raleigh, the scourge of Spain ! whose breast with all
The sage, the patriot, and the hero burn'd.
Nor sunk his vigour, when a coward reign
The warrior fetter'd, and at last resign'd,
To glut the vengeance of a vanquish'd foe.
Then, active still and unrestrain'd his mind
Explor'd the vast extent of ages past,
And with his prison-hours enrich'd the world ;
Yet found no times in all the long research,
So glorious, or so base, as those he prov'd.
In which he conquer'd, and in which he bled.
Nor can the Muse the gallant Sidney pass,
The plume of war ! with early laurels crown'd,
The Lover's myrtle, and the Poet's bay.
A Hampden too is thine, illustrious land,
Wise, strenuous, firm, of unsubmitting soul,
Who stem'd the torrent of a downward age
To slavery prone, and bad thee rise again,
In all thy native pomp of freedom bold.
Bright, at his call, thy Age of *Men* effulg'd,
Of Men on whom late time a kindling eye
Shall turn, and tyrants tremble while they read.
Bring every sweetest flower, and let me strew
The grave where Russel lies ; whole temper'd blood,
With calmest chearfulness for thee resign'd,
Stain'd the sad annal of a giddy reign ;
Aiming at lawless power, tho' meanly sunk
In loose inglorious luxury. With him
His friend, the † British Cassius, fearless bled ;
Of high determin'd spirit, roughly brave,
By ancient learning to th' enlighten'd love

† *Algernon Sydney.*

Of ancient freedom warm'd. Fair thy renown
 In awful *Sages* and in noble *Bards* ;
 Soon as the light of dawning Science spread
 Her orient ray, and wak'd the Muse's song.
 Thine is a Bacon, hapless in his choice ;
 Unfit to stand the civil storm of state,
 And thro' the smooth barbarity of courts,
 With firm but pliant virtue, forward still
 To urge his course. Him from the studious shade
 Kind Nature form'd, deep, comprehensive, clear,]
 Exact, and elegant ; in one rich soul,
 Plato, the Stagyrte, and Tully join'd.
 The great deliverer he ! who from the gloom
 Of cloister'd monks, and jargon teaching schools,
 Led forth the true philosophy, there long
 Held in the majic chain of words and forms,
 And definitions void : he led her forth,
 Daughter of heaven ! that slow ascending still,
 Investigating sare the chain of things,
 With radiant finger points to heaven again.
 The generous † Ashley thine, the friend of Man ;
 Who scann'd his Nature with a brother's eye,
 His weakness prompt to shade, and raise his aim,
 To touch the finer movements of the mind,
 And with the *moral beauty* charm the heart.
 Why need I name thy Boyle, whose pious search
 Amid the dark recesses of his works ;
 The great Creator sought ? And why thy Locke,
 Who made the whole internal world his own ?
 Let Newton, *pure Intelligence*, whom God
 To mortals lent, to trace his boundless works
 From laws sublimely simple, speak thy fame
 In all Philosophy. For lofty sense,
 Creative fancy, and inspection keen

† *Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftsbury.*

Thro' the dark winding of the human heart,
Is not wild Shakespear's thine and Nature's boast ?
Is not each great, each amiable Muse
Of classic ages in thy Milton met !

A genius universal as his theme ;
Astonishing as Chaos, as the bloom
Of blowing Eden fair, as heaven sublime
Nor shall my verse that elder bard forget,
The gentle Spencer, Fancy's pleasing son ;
Who like a copious river, pour'd his song
O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground :
Nor thee, his ancient Master, laughing sage,
Chaucer, whose native manners painted verse,
Well moraliz'd, shines thro' the Gothic cloud
Of time and language o'er thy genius thrown.

May my song soften, as thy Daughters I,
Britannia, hail ! for beauty is their own,
The feeling heart, simplicity of life,
And elegance, and taste : the faultless form,
Shap'd by the hand of harmony ; the cheek,
Where the live crimson thro' the native white
Soft-shooting, o'er the face diffuses bloom
And every nameless grace ; the parted lip,
Like the red rose-bud moist with morning dew,
Breathing delight ; and, underflowing jet,
Or sunny ringlets, or of circling brown,
The neck slight-shaded, and the swelling-breast ;
The look resistless, piercing to the soul,
And by the soul inform'd, when drest in love
She sits high-smiling in the conscious eye.

Island of bliss ! amid the subject seas,
That thunder round thy rocky coasts, set up,
At once the wonder, terror, and delight,
Of distant nations ; whose remotest shores
Can soon be shaken by thy naval arm ;
Not to be shook thyself, but all assaults

Raffling, as the hoar cliffs the loud see-wave.

O Thou! by whose almighty *Nod* the scale
Of empire rises, or alternate falls,
Send forth the saving virtues round the land,
In bright patrol: white *Peace*, and social *Love*;
The tender-looking *Charity*, intent
On gentle deeds, and shedding tears thro' smiles;
Undaunted *Truth*, and *Dignity* of mind;
Courage compos'd, and keen; sound *Temperance*,
Healthful in heart and look; clear *Chastity*,
With blushes reddening as she moves along,
Disordered at the deep regard she draws;
Rough *Industry*; *Activity* untir'd,
With copious life inform'd, and all awake:
While in the radiant front, superior shines
That first paternal virtue *Public Zeal*;
Who throws o'er all an equal wide survey,
And, ever musing on the common weal,
Still labours glorious with some great design.

Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees,
Just o'er the verge of day. The shifting clouds
Assembled gay, a richly gorgeous train,
In all their pomp attend his setting throne,
Air, earth and ocean smile immense. And now,
As if his weary cahriot sought the bowers
Of *Amphitrite*, and her tending nymphs,
(So Grecian fable sung) he dips his orb;
Now half-emers'd; and now a golden curve
Gives one bright glance, then total disappears.

For ever running an enchanted round,
Passes the day, deceitful, vain, and void;
As fleets the vision o'er the formal brain,
This moment hurrying wild th' impassioned soul,
The next in nothing lost. 'Tis so to him,
The dreamer of this earth, an idle blank;
A sight of horror to the cruel wretch,

Who all day long in fordid pleasure roll'd,
Himself an useless load, has squander'd vi'e,
Upon his scoundrel train, what might have cheer'd
A drooping family of modest worth.
But to the generous still-improving mind,
That gives the hopless heart to sing for joy,
Diffusing kind beneficence around,
Boastless, as now descends the silent dew;
To him the long review of order'd life
Is inward rapture, only to be felt.
Confess'd from yonder slow extinguish'd clouds,
All ether softening, sober *Evening* takes
Her wonted station in the middle air;
A thousand *shadows* at her beck. First *this*,
She sends on earth: then *that* of deeper dye
Steals soft behind: and then a deeper still,
In circle following circle, gathers round,
To close the face of things. A fresher gale
Begins to wave the wood, and stir the stream,
Sweeping with shadowy gust the fields of corn;
While the quail clamours for his running mate.
Wide o'er the thirsty lawn, as swells the breeze,
A whitening shower of vegetable down
Amusive floats. The kind impartial care
Of nature nought disdains: thoughtful to feed
Her lowest sons, and clothe the coming year,
From field to field the feather'd seed she wings.

His folded flock secure, the shepherd home
Hies, merry-hearted; and by turns relieves
The ruddy milk-maid of her brimming pail;
The beauty whom perhaps his witless heart,
Unknowing what the joy-mixt anguish means,
Sincerely loves, by that best language shewn
Of cordial glances, and obliging deeds.
Onward they pass, o'er many a panting height,

And valley sunk, and unfrequented; where
At fall of eve the fairy people throng,
In various game and revelry to pass
The summer-night, as village stories tell.
But far about they wander from the grave
Of him, whom his ungentle fortune urg'd
Against his own sad breast to lift the hand
Of impious violence. The lonely tower
Is also shunn'd. whose mournful chambers hold,
So night-struck fancy dreams, the yelling ghost.

Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge,
The glow-worm lights his gem; and thro' the dark,
A moving radiance twinkles. *Evening* yields
The world to *Night*; not in her winter robe
Of massy Stygian woofe, but loose array'd
In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,
Glanc'd from th' imperfect surfaces of things,
Fling half an image on the straining eye;
While wavering wood, and villages, and streams,
And rocks, and mountain-tops, that long retain'd
Th' ascending gleam, are all one swimming scene,
Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to heav'n
Thence weary vision turns; where, leading soft
The silent hours of love, with purest ray
Sweet Venus shines; and from her general rise,
When day-light sickens till it springs afresh.
Unrival'd reigns, the fairest lamp of night.
As thus th' effulgence tremulous I drink,
With cherish gaz'd, the lambent lightnings shoot
Across the sky, or horizontal dart,
In wondrous shapes: by fearful murmuring crouds
Portentous deem'd. And the radiant orbs,
That more than deck, that animate the sky,
To life-infusing sons of other worlds;
Lo! from the dead immensity of space
Returning, with accelerated course,

The rushing comet to the sun descends ;
And as he sinks below the shading earth,
With awful train projected o'er the heavens,
The guilty nations tremble. But, above
Those superstitious horrors. that enslave
The fond sequacious herd, to mystic faith
And blind amazement prone, the enlightened few,
Whose godlike minds philosophy exalts,
The glorious stranger hail. They feel a joy
Divinely great ; they in their powers exult,
That wondrous force of thought, which mounting
This dusky spot, and measures all the sky ; (spurns
While from his far excursion thro' the wilds
Of baron ether, faithful to his time,
They see the blazing wonder rise anew,
In seeming terror clad, but kindly bent
To work the will of all sustaining Love :
From his huge vapoury train perhaps to shake
Reviving moisture on the numerous orbs,
Thro' which his long ellipsis winds ; perhaps
To lead new fuel to declining suns,
To light up worlds, and feed th' eternal fire.

With thee, serene philosophy, with thee,
And thy bright garland, let me crown my song !
Effusive force of evidence, and truth !
A lustre shedding o'er the ennobl'd mind,
Stronger than summer noon ; and pure as that,
Whole mild vibrations sooth the parted soul,
New to the dawning of celestial day,
Hence thro' her nourish'd powers, enlarg'd by thee,
She springs aloft with elevated pride,
Above the tangling mass of low desires,
That bid the fluttering crowd ; the angel-wing'd,
The height of science and of virtue gains,
Where all is calm and clear ; with nature round,

Or in the starry regions, or th' abyfs,
To Reason's and to Fancy's eye display'd :
The *First* up-tracing, from the dreary void,
The chain of causes and effects to Him,
The world-producing Effence, who alone
Possesses being ; while the *Last* receives
The whole magnificence of heaven and earth,
And every beauty, delicate or bold,
Obvious or more remote with livelier sense,
Diffusive, painted on the rapid mind.

Tutor'd by thee, hence Poetry exalts
Her voice to ages ; and informs the page
With music, image, sentiment, and thought,
Never to die ! the treasure of mankind !
Their highest honour, and their truest joy !

Without thee what were unenlighten'd Man ?
A savage roaming thro' the woods and wilds,
In quest of prey ; and with the unfashion'd furr
Rough clad : devoid of every finer art,
And elegance of life. Nor happiness
Domestic, mix'd of tenderness and care,
Nor moral excellence, nor social blifs,
Nor guardinn law were his ; nor various skill
To turn the furrow, or to guide the tool
Mechanic : nor the heaven-conducted prow
Of navigation bold, that fearless braves
The burning line or dares the wintry pole ;
Mother severe of infinite delights !
Nothing save rapine, indolence, and guile,
And woes on woes, a still revolving train !
Whose horrid circle had made human life
Than non-existence worse : but taught by thee,
Ours are the plads of policy, and peace ;
To live like brothers, and conjunctive all
Embellish life. While thus laborious crowds
Ply the tough oar, Philosophy directs

The ruling helm; or like the liberal breath
Of potent heaven, invisible, the sail
Swells out, and bears the inferior world along.

Nor to this evanescent speck of earth
Poorly confin'd, the radiant tracts on high
Are her exalted range; intent to gaze
Creation thro'; and from that full complex
Of never ending wonders, to conceive
Of the Sole Being right, who *spoke the Word*,
And Nature mov'd compleat. With inward view,
Thence on th' ideal kingdom swift she turns
Her eye; and instant, at her powerful glance.
Th' obedient phantoms vanish to appear;
Compound, divide, and into order shift,
Each to his rank, from plain perception up
To the fair forms of Fancy's fleeting train.
To reason then. deducing truth from truth;
And notion quite abstract; where first begins
The world of spirits, action all, and life
Unfetter'd and unmix'd. But here the cloud,
So will Eternal Providence sit deep.
Enough for us to know that this dark stare,
In wayward passions lost, and vain pursuits,
This Infancy of Being cannot prove
The final issue of the works of God,
By boundless Love and perfect Wisdom form'd;
And ever rising with the rising mind.

1796

A U T U M N.

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AMERICA

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The ARGUMENT.

Crown'd with the fickle, and the weaten sheaf,
While Autumn nodding o'er the yellow plain,
Comes jovial on ; the *Doric* reed once more,
Well pleas'd I tune. Whate'er the wintry frost

Nitrious prepar'd ; the various blossoms spring
Put in white promise forth ; and summer suns
Concocted strong, rush boundless now to view,
Full, perfect all, and swell my glorious theme.

Onflow ! the Muse, ambitious of thy name,
To grace, inspire, and dignify her song,
Would from the *Public Vice* the gentle ear
A while engage. Thy noble cares she knows,
The patriot virtues that distend thy thought,
Spread on thy front, and in thy bosom glow ;
While listening senates hang upon thy tongue,
Devolving thro' the maze of eloquence
A rowl of periods sweeter than her song.
But she too pants for public virtue, she,
Tho' weak of power, yet strong in ardent will,
Whene'er her country rushes on her heart,
Assumes a bolder note, and fondly tries
To mix the patriot with the poet's flame.

When the bright *Virgin* gives the beauteous days,
And *Libra* weighs in equal scales the year ;
From heaven's high cope the fierce effulgence shook
Of parting Summer, a serener blue
With golden-light enliven'd, wide invests
The happy world. Attemper'd suns arise,
Sweet beam'd, and shedding oft thro' lucid clouds,
A pleasing calm ; while broad, and brown, below,
Extensive harvests hang the heavy head.
Rich, silent, deep, they stand : for not a gale
Rolls its light billows o'er the bending plain :
A calm of plenty ! til the ruffled air
Falls from its poise, and gives the breeze to blow.
Rent is the fleecy mantle of the sky.
The clouds fly different ; and the sudden sun
By fits effulgent gilds th' illumin'd field
And black by fits the shadows sweep along,
A gayley-chequer'd heart-expanding view,

Far as the circling eye can shoot around,
Unbounded tossing in a flood of corn.

These are thy blessings, Industry ! rough power !
Whom labour still attends, and sweat, and pain ;

Yet the kind source of every gentle art,
And all the soft civility of life :

Raiser of human kind ! by Nature cast,
Naked and helpless, out amid the woods

And wiles, to rude inclement elements ;
With various seeds of art deep in the mind
Implanted, and profusely pour'd around
Materials infinite ; but idle all.

Still unexerted, in the conscious breast,
Slept the lethargic powers ; corruption still,

Voracious, swallowed what the liberal hand
Of bounty scatter'd o'er the savage year :

And still the sad barbarian, roving, mix'd,
With beasts of prey ; or for his acorn-meal

Fought the fierce tusky boar ; a shivering wretch !
Aghast, and comfortless, when the bleak north,

With winter charg'd, let the mix'd tempest fly,
Hail, rain, and snow, and bitter breathing frost ;

Then to the shelter of the hut he fled ;

And the wild season, sordid-pin'd away.

For home he had not ; home is the resort

Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where,

Supporting and supported, polish'd friends,

And dear relations mingle into bliss,

But this the rugged savage never felt,

Ever desolate in crouds, and thus his days

Roll'd heavy, dark, and unenjoy'd along :

A waste of time ! till Industry approach'd

And rous'd him from his miserable sloth :

His faculties unfolded ; pointed out,

Where lavish'd Nature the directing hand

Of heart demanded ; shew'd him how to raise

His feeble force by the mechanic powers,
 To dig the mineral from the vaulted earth,
 On what to trun the piercing rage of fire,
 On what the torrent and the gather'd blast;
 Gave the tall ancient forest to his axe;
 Taught him to chip the wood, and hew the stone,
 Till by degrees the finish'd fabric rose;
 Tore from his limbs the blood polluted fur,
 And wrapt them in the woolly vestment warm,
 Or bright in glossy silk, and flowing lawn;
 With wholesome viands fill'd his table pour'd
 The generous glass around, inspir'd to wake
 The life-refining soul of decent wit:
 Nor stopp'd at barren bare necessity;
 But still advancing bolder, led him on,
 To pomp, to pleasure, elegance, and grace;
 And, breathing high ambition thro' his soul,
 Set Science, wisdom, glory, in his view,
 And bade him be the *Lord* of all below.

Then gathering men their natural powers combin'd,
 And form'd a *Public*; to the general good
 Submitting, aiming, and conducting all.
 For this the *Patriot Council* met, the full,
 The free, and fairly represented *Whole*;
 For this they plann'd the holy guardan laws,
 Distinguish'd orders, animated arts,
 And with joint force *Oppression* chaining, set
Imperial Justice at the helm; yet still,
 To them accountable; nor slavish dream'd
 That toiling millions must resign their weal,
 And all the honey of their search, to such
 As for themselves alone themselves have rais'd.

Hence every form of cultivated life
 In order set, protected, and inspir'd,
 Into perfection wrought. Uniting all,
 Society grew numerous, high, polite,

And happy. Nurse of art ! the city rear'd
In beauteous pride her tower-encircled head ;
And stretching street on street, by thousands drew,
From twining woody haunts, or the rough yew
To bows strong-straining, her aspiring sons.

Then commerce brought into the public walk
The busy merchant ; the big ware-house built ;
Rais'd the strong crane ; choak'd up the loaded street
With foreign plenty ; and thy stream, O Thames,
Large, gentle, deed, majestic, king of floods !
Chose for his grand resort. On either hand,
Like a long wintry forest, groves of masts
Shot up their spires ; the bellying sheet between
Possess'd the breezy void ; the foot hulk
Steer'd sluggish on ; the splendid barge along
Row'd, regular, to harmony ; around,
The boat, light-skimming, stretch'd its oary wings ;
While deep the various voice of fervent toil
From bank to bank increas'd ; whence ribb'd with oak
To bear the British Thunder, black and bold,
The roaring vessel rush'd into the main.

Then too the pillar'd dome, magnific heav'd
Its ample roof ; and Luxury within
Pour'd out her glittering stores : the canvas smooth
With glowing life protuberant, to the view
Embodied rose ; the statue seem'd to breathe,
And soften into flesh, beneath the touch
Of forming art, imagination flush'd.

All is the gift of Industry ; whate'er
Exalts, embellishes, and renders life
Delightful. Pensive Winter chear'd by him
Sits at the social fire, and happy hears
Th' excluded tempest idly rave along ;
His harden'd fingers deck the gaudy Spring ;
Without him Summer were an arid waste ;
Nor to th' autumnal months could thus transmit
Those full, mature, immeasurable stores,

That waving round, recal my wandering song.]

Soon as the morning trembles o'er the sky,
 And, unperceiv'd, unfolds the spreading day;
 Before the ripen'd field the reapers stand,
 In fair array; each by the lass he loves,
 To bear the rougher part, and mitigate
 By nameless gentle offices her toil.
 At once they stoop, and swell the lusty sheaves;
 While thro' their chearful band the rural talk,
 The rural scandal and the rural jest
 Fly harmless to deceive the tedious time,
 And steal unfelt the sultry hours away.
 Behind the master walks, builds up the shocks;
 And conscious, glancing oft on every side
 His fated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.
 The gleaners spread around, and here and there,
 Spike after spike, their sparing harvest pick.
 Be not too narrow, husbandmen! but fling
 From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,
 The liberal handful. Think, oh grateful think!
 How good the God of Harvest is to you;
 Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields:
 While these unhappy partners of your kind
 Wide-hover round you, like the fowls of heaven,
 And ask their humble dole. The various turns
 Of fortune ponder; that your sons may want
 What now, with hard reluctance, faint, ye give.

The lovely young Lavinia once had friends;
 And fortune smil'd deceitful on her birth
 For in her helpless years depriv'd of all,
 Of every stay, save Innocence and Heaven,
 She with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
 And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd
 Among the windings of a woody vale;
 By solitude and deep surrounding shades,
 But more by bashful modesty conceal'd.

Together thus they shun the cruel scorn
Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet
From giddy passion and low-minded pride :
Almost on Nature's common bounty fed ;
Like the gay birds that sing them to repose,
Content and careless of to-morrow's fare.
Her form was fresher than the morning rose,
When the dew wets its leaves ; unstain'd, and pure,
As is the lilly or mountains snow.
The modest virtues mingled in her eyes ;
Still on the ground dejected, darting all
Their humid beams into the blooming flowers :
Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
Of what her faithless fortune promis'd once,
Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star
Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace
Sat fair-proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,
Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
Beyond the pomp of dress for loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is when unadorn'd the most.
Though less of beauty, she was beauty's self,
Recluse amid the close-embowering woods,
As in the hollow breast of Appenine,
Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,
A myrtle rises, far from human eye,
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild :
So flourish'd blooming, and unseen by all,
The sweet Lavinia ; till, at length compell'd
By strong necessity's supreme command,
With smiling patience in her looks she went
To glean Palemon's fields. The pride of swains
Palemon was, the generous and the rich ;
Who led the rural life in all its joy
And elegance, such as Arcadian song.

I

Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times :
 When tyrant custom had not shackled Man.
 But free to follow Nature was the mode.
 He then his fancy with autumnal scenes,
 Amusing, chanc'd beside his reaper-train
 To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye ;
 Unconscious of her power, and turning quick
 With unaffected blushes from his gaze :
 He saw her charming, but he saw not half
 The charms her downcast modesty conceal'd.
 That very moment love and chaste desire
 Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown ;
 For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
 Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,
 Should his heart own a gleaner in the field,
 And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd.

“ What pity ! that so delicate a form,
 “ By beauty kindled, where enlivening sense,
 “ And more than vulgar goodness seems to dwell,
 “ Should be devoted to the rude embrace
 “ Of some indecent clown ! She looks, methinks,
 “ Of old Acasto's line ; and to my mind
 “ Recals that patron of my happy life,
 “ From whom my liberal fortune took its rise ;
 “ Now to the dust gone down ; his houses, lands,
 “ And once fair-spreading family dissolv'd.
 “ 'Tis said that in some lone obscure retreat,
 “ Urg'd by remembrance sad, and decent pride,
 “ For from those scenes which knew their better days,
 “ His aged widow and his daughter live,
 “ Whom yet my fruitless search could never find.
 “ Romantic wish ! would this the daughter were !”

When, strict enquiring, from herself he found
 She was the same, the daughter of his friend,
 Of bountiful Acasto ; who can speak
 The mingled passions that surpriz'd his heart,

And thro' his nerves in shivering transports ran!
Then blaz'd his smother'd flame, avow'd, and bold,
And as he view'd her, ardent o'er and o'er,
Love, gratitude, and pity wept at once.
Confus'd, and frighten'd at his sudden tears,
Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom,
And thus Palemon, passionate, and just,
Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul.

“ And art thou then Acasto's dear remains?
“ She, whom my restless gratitude has sought,
“ So long in vain? O yes! the very same,
“ The soften'd image of my noble friend,
“ Alive, his every feature, every look,
“ More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than spring!
“ Thou soul surviving blossom from the root
“ That nourish'd up my fortune! Say, ah, where,
“ In what sequester'd desert hast thou drawn
“ The kindest aspect of delighted heaven?
“ Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair;
“ Tho' poverty's cold wind, and crushing rain,
“ Beat keen, and heavy on thy tender years?
“ O let me now, into a richer soil,
“ Transplant thee safe! where vernal suns and showers
“ Diffuse their warmest, largest influence;
“ And of my garden be the pride, and joy!
“ Ill it befits thee, oh it ill befits
“ Acasto's daughter, his, whose open stores,
“ Tho' vast, where little to his ampler heart,
“ The father of a country, thus to pick
“ The very refuse of those harvest fields,
“ Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy.
“ Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hand,
“ But ill apply'd to such a rugged task;
“ The fields, the master, all, my fair, are thine;
“ If to the various blessings which thy house

“ Has on me lavish’d, thou wilt add that bliss,
“ That dearest bliss, the power of blessing thee!”

Here ceas’d the youth : yet still his speaking eye
Express’d the sacred triumph of his soul.
With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,
Above the vulgar joy divinely rais’d,
Nor wait’d he reply. Won by the charm
Of goodness irresistible, and all
In sweet disorder lost, she blush’d consent.
The news immediate to her mother brought,
While, pierc’d with anxious thought, she pin’d away,
The lonely moments for Lavinia’s fate :
Amaz’d, and scarce believing what she heard,
Joy seiz’d her wither’d veins, and one bright gleam
Of setting life shone on her evening hours :
Not less enraptur’d than the happy pair ;
Who flourish’d long in tender bliss, and rear’d
A numerous offspring lovely like themselves,
And good, the grace of all the country round.

Defeating oft the labours of the year,
The sultry south collects a potent blast.
At first, the groves are scarcely seen to stir
Their trembling tops ; and a still murmur runs
Along the soft inclining fields of corn.
But as th’ ariel tempest fuller swells,
And in one mighty stream invisible.
Immense the whole excited atmosphere,
Impetuous rushes o’er the sounding world ;
Strain’d to the root, the stooping forest pours
A rustling shower of yet untimely leaves.
High-beat the circling mountains eddy in,
From the bare wild, the dissipated storm,
And send it in a torrent down the veil.
Expos’d, and naked, to its utmost rage,
Thro’ all the sea of harvest rowling round,
The bellowy plain floats wide ; nor can evade,

Tho' pliant to the blast, its seizing force ;
 Or whirl'd in air, or into vacant chaff
 Shook waste. And sometimes too a burst of rain,
 Swept from the black horizon, broad, descends
 In one continuous flood. Still over head
 The mingling tempest weaves its gloom, and still
 The deluge deepens ; till the fields around
 Lie sunk, and flatted, in the sordid wave.
 Sudden the ditches swell ; meadows swim
 Red, from the hills, innumerable streams
 Tumultuous roar ; and high above its banks
 The river lift ; before whose rushing tide,
 Herds, flocks, and harvests, cottages, and swains,
 Roll mingling down ; all that the winds and spard
 In one wild moment ruin'd ; the big hopes,
 And well-earn'd treasures of the painful year.
 Fled to some eminence, the husbandman
 Helpless beholds the miserable wreck
 Driving along ; his drowning ox at once
 Descending, with his labours scatter'd round,
 He sees ; and instant o'er his shivering thought
 Comes Winter unprovided, and a train
 Of clamant children dear. Ye masters, then,
 Be mindful of the rough labourious hand
 That sinks you soft in elegance and ease ;
 Be mindful of those limbs in russet clad
 Whose toil to yours is warmth, and graceful pride ;
 But oh be mindful of that sparing board,
 Which covers yours with luxury profuse,
 Makes your glass sparkle, and your sense rejoice !
 Nor cruelly demand what the deep rains,
 And all-involving winds have swept away.

Here the rude clamour of the sportsman's joy,
 The gun fast-thundering, and the winded horn,
 Would tempt the Muse to sing the *rural Game* ;
 How, in his mid career, the spaniel struck,

Stiff, by the tainted gale, with open nose,
 Outstretch'd, and finely sensible, *draws* full,
 Fearful, and cautious on the latent prey;
 As in the sun circling covey bask
 Their varied plumes, and watchful every way
 Thro' the rough stubble turns the secret eye.
 Caught in the meshy snare, in vain they beat
 Their idle wings, intangled more and more:
 Nor on the surges of the boundless air,
 Tho' borne triumphant, are they safe; the gun,
 Glanc'd just, and sudden, from the fowler's eye,
 O'erthrows their sounding pinions; and again,
 Immediate brings them from the towering wing,
 Dead to the ground; or drives them wide dispers'd,
 Wounded, and wheeling various down the wind.

These are not subjects for the peaceful Muse,
 Nor will she stain with such her spotless song;
 Then most delighted, when she social sees
 The whole mix'd animal creation round
 Alive and happy. 'Tis not joy to her,
 This false chearful barbarous game of death:
 This rage of pleasure, which the restless youth,
 Awakes, impatient, with the gleaming morn;
 When beasts of prey retire, that all night long,
 Urg'd by necessity, had rang'd the dark,
 As if their conscious ravage shun'd the light,
 A sham'd. Not so, the steady tyrant Man,
 Who with the thoughtless innocence of pow'r,
 Inflam'd, beyond the most infuriate wrath
 Of the worst monster that e'er roam'd the waste,
 For sport alone pursues the cruel chace,
 Amid the beamings of the gentle days.
 Upbraid, ye ravenig tribes, our wanton rage,
 For hunger kindles you, and lawless want;
 But lavish fed, in nature's bounty roll'd,
 To joy at anguish, and delight in blood,

Is what your horid bosoms never knew.

Poor as the triumph o'er the timid hare!
 Scar'd from the corn, and now to some lone feat
 Retir'd; the rushy fen; the ragged furze,
 Stretch'd o'er the stony heath; the stubble chapt;
 The thirsty lawn; the thick entangled broom;
 Of the same friendly hue, the wither'd fern;
 The fallow ground laid open to the sun,
 Concoctive; and the noddling sandy bank,
 Hung o'er the mazes of the mountain brook.
 Vain is her best precaution; tho' she sits
 Conceal'd, with folded ears; unsleeping eyes,
 By nature rais'd to take the horizon in;
 And head couch'd close betwixt her hairy feet,
 In act to spring away. The scented dew
 Betrays her early labyrinth; and deep,
 In scatter'd sullen openings far behind,
 With every breeze she hears the coming storm.
 But nearer, and more frequent, as it loads
 The sighing gale, she springs amaz'd, and all
 The savage soul of game is up at once:
 The pack full opening, various; the shrill horn
 Resounding from the hills; the neighing steed,
 Wild for the chace; and the loud hunter's shout;
 O'er a weak, harmless, flying creature, all
 Mix'd in mad tumult, and discordant joy.

The stag too, singled from the herd, where long
 He rang'd the branching monarch of the shades,
 Before the tempest drives. At first, in speed
 He, sprightly puts his faith; and rous'd by fear,
 Gives all his swift aerial soul to flight.
 Against the breeze he darts, that way the more
 To leave the lessening murderous cry behind.
 Deception short! tho' fleetier than the winds
 Blown o'er the keen-air'd mountain by the north,
 He bursts the thickets, glances thro' the glades,

And plunges deep into the wildest wood.
 If slow, yet sure, adhesive to the track
 Hot-steaming, up behind him come again
 Th' inhuman rout, and from the shady depth
 Expel him, circling thro' his every shift,
 He sweeps the forest oft, and sobbing sees
 The g'ades, mild opening to the golden day ;
 Where, in kind contest with his butting friends
 He wont to struggle, or his loves enjoy
 Of in the full-descending flood he tries
 To lose the scent, and lave his burning sides ;
 Oft seeks the herd ; the watchful herd alarm'd
 With selfish care avoid a brother's woe.
 What shall he do ? His once so vivid nerves
 So full of buoyant spirit, now no more
 Inspire the course ; but fainting, breathless toil,
 Sick, seizes on his heart : he stands at bay ;
 And puts his last weak refuge in despair.
 The big round tears run down his dappled face ;
 He groans in anguish ; while the growling pack,
 Blood-happy, hang at his fair jutting chest,
 And mark his beauteous chequer'd sides with gore.
 Of this enough. But if the silvan youth
 Whose fervent blood boils into violence,
 Must have the chace ; behold despising flight,
 The rous'd up lion, resolute and slow,
 Advancing full on the protended spear,
 And coward-band, that circling wheel a' oof
 Slunk from the cavern. and the troubled wood,
 See the grim wolf ; on him his shaggy foe
 Vindictive fix, and let the ruffian die :
 Or, growling horrid, as the brindled boar
 Grim fell destruction to the monster's heart.
 Let the dart lighten from the nervous arm.

These Britain knows not ; give, ye Britons, then
 Your sportive fury, pitiless to pour

Loose on the mighty robber of the fold:
Him, from his winding craggy haunts unearth'd,
Let all the thunder of the chace pursue.
Throw the broad ditch behind you; o'er the hedge
High-bound, resistless; nor the deep morass
Refuse, but thro' the shaking wilderness
Pick your nice way; into the perilous flood
Bear fearless of the raging instinct full;
And as you ride the torrent, to the banks
Your triumph sound sonorous running round,
From rock to rock in circling echoes tost.

But if the rougher sex by this fierce sport
Is hurried wild, let not such horrid joy
E'er stain the bosom of a British fair.
Far be the spirit of the chace from them!
Uncomely courage, unbeseeming skill;
To spring the fence, to rein the prancing steed,
To cap, the whip, the masculine attire,
In which they roughen to the sense, and all
The winning softness of their sex is lost.
In them 'tis graceful to dissolve at woe;
With every motion, every word to wave
Quick o'er the kindling cheek the ready blush;
And from the smallest violence to shrink,
Unequal, then the loveliest in their fears:
And by this silent adulation soft,
To their protection more engaging Man.
O may their eyes no miserable sight,
Save weeping lovers, see! a nobler game,
Thro' love's enchanting wiles pursu'd, yet fled,
In chace ambiguous. May their tender limbs
Float in their loose simplicity of dress!
And fashion'd all to harmony, alone
Know they to seize the captivated soul,
In rapture warbled from love-breathing lips:
To teach the lute to languish; with smooth steps

Disclosing motion in its every charm.
 To swim along, and smell the mazy dance?
 To train the foilage o'er the snowy lawn;
 To guide the pencil, turn the tuneful page;
 To lend new flavour to the fruitful year,
 And heighten Nature's dainties; in their race
 To rear their grace into second life;
 To give society its highest taste,
 Well order'd Home Man's best delight to make;
 And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,
 With every gentle care-eluding art,
 To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,
 And sweeten all the toils of human life:
 This be the female dignity and praise.

Ye swains, now hasten to the hazel-bank;
 Where down yon dale, the wildly winding brook
 Falls hoarse from steep to steep. In close array,
 Fit for the thickets and the tangling shrub,
 Ye virgins come. For you the latest song
 The woodlands raise; the clustering nuts for you
 The lover finds amid the sacred shade;
 And, where they burnish on the topmost bough,
 With active vigour crushes down the tree;
 Or shakes them ripe from the resigning husk,
 A glossy shower, and of an ardent brown.
 As are the ringlets of Melinda's hair:
 Melinda, form'd with every grace compleat,
 Yet these neglecting, above beauty wise,
 And far transcending such a vulgar praise.
 Hence from the busy joy-resounding fields,
 In chearful error let us tread the maze
 Of Autumn, unconfin'd, and taste, reviv'd,
 The breath of orchard big with bending fruit.
 Obedient to the breeze, and beating ray,
 From the deep loaded bough a mellow shower
 Incessant melts away. The juicy pear

Lies in a soft profusion scatter'd round.
 A various sweetness swells the gentle race;
 By Nature's all refining hand prepar'd;
 Of temper'd sun, and water, earth, and air,
 In ever-changing composition mix'd.
 Such falling frequent thro' the chiller night,
 The fragrant stores, the wide-projected heaps
 Of apples, which the lusty-handed year,
 Innumerable, o'er the blushing orchard shakes.
 A various spirit, fresh, delicious, keen,
 Dwells in their gelid pores; and active points
 The piercing cyder for the thirsty tongue:
 Thy native theme, and bood inspire too,
 Phillips, *Pomona's* bard the second thou
 Who nobly durst, in rhyme unfetter'd verse,
 With British freedom sing the British song:
 How, from *Silurian* vats, high sparkling wines
 Foam in transparant floods; some strong, to cheer
 The wintry revels of the labouring hind;
 And tasteful some, to cool the summer hours.

In this glad season, while the sweetest beams
 The sun sheds equal o'er the meeken'd day;
 O lose me in the green delightful walks
 Of, *Doddington*, thy seat, serene and plain;
 Where simple Nature reigns; and every view,
 Diffusive, spreads the pure! *Dorsetian* downs,
 In boundless prospect; yonder shagg'd with woods,
 Here rich with harvest, and there white with flocks!
 Mean time the grandeur of the lofty dame,
 Far-splendid, seizes on the ravish'd eye.
 New beauties rise with each revolving day;
 New columns swell; and still the fresh Spring finds
 New plants to quicken, and new groves to green.
 Full of thy genius all! the Muses seat;
 Where in the secret bower and winding walk,
 For virtuous Young and thee they twine the bay.

Here wandering oft, fir'd with the restless thirst
 Or thy applause, I solitary court
 Th' inspiring breeze : and meditate the book
 Of Nature ever open ; aiming thence,
 Warmth from the heart, to learn the moral song.
 Here, as I steal along the sunny wall,
 Where Autumn basks, with fruit employed deep,
 My pleasing theme continual prompts my thought :
 Presents the downy peach ; the shining plumb ;
 The ruddy, fragrant nectarine ; and dark.
 Beneath the ample leaf, the luscious fig,
 The vine too here her curling tendrils shoot ;
 Hangs out her clusters, growing to the south ;
 And scarcely wishes for a warmer sky.

Turn we a moment Fancy's rapid flight
 To vigorous soils, and climes of fair extent ;
 Where, by the potent sun elated nigh,
 The vineyard swells refulgent on the day ;
 Spreads o'er the vale ; or up the mountain climbs,
 Profuse ; and drinks amid the sunny rocks,
 From cliff to cliff increas'd, the heightened blaze,
 Low bend the weighty boughs. The clusters clear,
 Half thro' the foilage seen, or ardent flame,
 Or shine transparant ; while perfection breathes
 White o'er the turgid film the living dew,
 As thus they brighten with exalted juice,
 Touch'd into flavour by the mingling ray ;
 The rural youth and virgins o'er the field,
 Each fond to each to call th' autumnal prime,
 Exulting rove, and speak the vintage nigh.
 Then comes the crushing swain ; the country floats,
 Then foams unbounded with the mashy flood :
 That by degrees fermented, and refin'd,
 Round the rais'd nations pours the cup of joy :
 The claret smooth, red as the lip we press
 In sparkling fancy, while we drain the bowl ;

A U T U M N.

The mellow tasted burgundy ; and quick,
As is the wit it gives, the gay champagne.

Now, by the cool declining year condens'd,
Descend the copious exhalations, check'd
As up the middle sky unseen they stole,
And roll the doubling fogs around the hill.
No more the mountain, horrid ; vast, sublime,
Who pours a sweep of rivers from his sides,
And high between contending kingdoms rears
The rocky long division, fills the view
With great variety : but in a night
Of gathering vapour, from the baffled sense
Sinks dark and dreary. Thence expanded far,
The huge dusk, gradual, swallows up the plain :
Vanish the woods ; the dim-seen river seems
Sullen, and slow, to roll the misty wave.
Even in the height of noon oppress'd, the sun
Sheds weak, and blunt, his wide refracted ray :
Whence glaring oft, with many a broadened orb,
He frights the nations. Indistinct on earth,
Seen thro' the turbid air, beyond the life
Objects appear in and, wilder'd o'er the waste
The shepherd stalks gigantic. Till at last
Wreath'd dun around, in deeper circles still
Successive closing, sits the general fog
Unbounded o'er the world ; and mingling thick,
A formless gay confusion covers all.
As when of old (so sung the Hebrew Bard)
Light uncollected, thro' the chaos urg'd
Its infant way ; nor order yet had drawn
His lovely train from out the dubious gloom.
These roving mists, that constant now begin
To smoke along the hilly country, these,
With weighty rains, and melted Alpine snows ;
The mountain cistern fill, those ample stores

Of water, scoop'd among the hollow rocks ;
 Whence gush the streams, the careless fountains play,
 And their unfailing wealth the rivers draw.
 Some sages say, that where the numerous wave
 For ever lashes the resounding shore,
 Drill'd thro' the sandy *Stratum*, every way,
 The waters with the sandy *Stratum* rise ;
 Amid whose angles infinitely strain'd,
 They joyful leave their jaggy salts behind,
 And clear and sweeten, as they soak along.
 Nor stops the restless fluid, mounting still,
 Tho' oft amidst the irriguous vale it springs :
 But to the mountain courted by the sand,
 That leads its darkling on in faithful maze,
 Far from the parent-main, it boils again
 Fresh into day, and all the glittering hill
 Is bright with spouting rills. But hence this vain
 Amusive dream ! why should the waters love
 To take so far a journey to the hills,
 When the sweet valleys offer to their toil
 Inviting quiet, and a nearer bed ?
 Or, if by blind ambition led astray,
 They must aspire ; why should they sudden stop
 Among the broken mountain's rushy dells,
 And, ere they gain its highest peak, desert
 Th' attractive sand that charm'd their course so long ?
 Besides, the hard agglomerating salts,
 The spoil of ages, would impervous choak
 Their secret channels ; or, by slow degrees,
 High as the hills protrude the swelling vales :
 Old Ocean too, suck'd thro' the porous globe,
 Had long ere now forsook his horrid bed,
 And brought Deucalion's watery times again.

Say then, where lurk the vast eternal springs,
 That, like Creating Nature, lie conceal'd
 From mortal eyes, yet with their lavish stores

A U T U M N.

11

lay, Refresh the globe, and all its joyous tribes?
 O thou prevailing Genius, given to Man,
 To trace the secrets of the dark abyfs,
 O lay the mountains bare! and wide display
 Their hidden structure to the astonish'd view!
 Strip from the branching Alps their piny load;
 The huge incumbrance of horrific woods
 From Asian Taurus, from Imaus stretch'd
 Athwart the roving Tartar's sullen bounds!
 Give opening Hemus to my searching eye,
 And high Olympus, pouring many a stream!
 Or from the sounding summits of the north,
 The Dofrine hills, thro' Scandinavia roll'd
 To farthest Lapland and the frozen main;
 From lofty Caucasus, far seen by those
 Who in the Caspian and black Euxine toil:
 From cold Riphean Rocks, which the wild Rufs
 Believes the * *stony girdle* of the world;
 And all the dreadful mountains, wrapt in storm,
 Whence wide Siberia draws her lonely floods;
 Ofweep th' eternal fnows! Hung o'er the deep,
 That ever works beneath his sounding bafe,
 Bid Atlas, propping heaven, as poets feign,
 His subterranean wonders spread! unveil
 The many caverns blazing on the day,
 Of Abyffinia's cloud-compelling cliffs,
 And of the bending † *Mountains of the Moon!*
 O'ertopping all these giant fons of earth,

* *The Muscovites call the Riphean Mountains, Weliki Camenypoy; that is, the Great stony Girdle: because they suppose them to encompass the whole earth.*

† *A Range of mountains in Africa, that surround almost all Monomotapa.*

Let the dire *Andes*, from the radiant Line
 Stretch'd to the stormy seas that thunder round
 The southern pole, their heideous deeps unfold!
 Amazing scene! Behold the gloom disclose,
 I see the rivers in their infant beds!
 Deep, deep I hear them, lab'ring to get free!
 I see the leaning *Strata*, artful rang'd;
 The gaping fissures to receive the rains,
 The melting snows, and ever dripping fogs,
 Strow'd bibulous above I see the sands,
 The pebb'y gravel next, the layers then
 Of mingled moulds, of more retentive earths,
 The gutter'd rocks and mazy running clefts;
 That, while they stealing moisture they transmit,
 Retard its motion, and forbid its waste.
 Beneath the incessant weeping of these drains,
 I see the rocky siphons stretch'd immense,
 The mighty reservoirs, of harden'd chalk,
 Or stiff compacted clay, capacious form'd,
 O'erflowing thence, the congregated stores,
 The crystal treasures of the liquid world,
 Thro' the stirr'd sands a bubbling passage burst;
 And welling out around the middle steep,
 Or from the bottoms of the bosom'd hills,
 In pure effusion flow. United, thus,
 Th' exhaling sun, the vapour-border'd air,
 The gelid mountains, that to rain condens'd
 These vapours in continual current draw,
 And send them, o'er the fair divided earth,
 In bounteous rivers to the deep again,
 A social commerce hold, and firm support
 The full-adjusted harmony of things.

When Autumn scatters his departing gleams,
 Warn'd of approaching Winter, gather'd, play,
 The swallow'd people; and toss'd wide around,
 O'er the calm sky, in convulsion swift,

The feather'd eddy floats: rejoicing once,
 Ear to their wintry slumbers they retire;
 In clusters clung, beneath the mouldering bank,
 And where, unpeirc'd by frost, the cavern sweats.
 Or rather into warmer climes convey'd,
 With other kindred birds of season, there
 They twitter chearful, till the vernal months
 Invite them welcome back: for thronging, now
 Innumerable wings are in commotion all.

Where the Rhine loses his majestic force
 In Belgian plains, won from the raging deep,
 By diligence amazing, and the strong
 Unconquerable hand of Liberty,
 The stork-assembly meets: for many a day,
 Consulting deep and various, ere they take
 Their arduous voyage thro' the liquid sky.
 And now their rout design'd, their leaders chose,
 Their tribes adjusted, clean'd their vigorous wings;
 And many a circle, many a short essay,
 Wheel'd round and round in congregation full,
 The figur'd flight ascends; and riding high
 The aerial billows mixes with the clouds.

Or where the Northern ocean, in vast whirls,
 Boils round the naked melancholy isles
 Of farthest Thulé, and the Atlantic surge
 Pours in among the stormy Hebrides;
 Who can recount what transmigrations there
 Are annual made? what nations come and go?
 And how the living clouds on clouds arise?
 Infinite wings! till all the plume-dark air,
 And rude resounding shore are one loud cry.

Here the plain harmless native, his small flock,
 And herd diminutive of many hues,
 Tends on the little islands verdant swell,
 The shepherd's sea-girt reign; or to the rocks

Dire-clining, gathers his various food ;
Or sweeps the fishy shore ; or treasures up
The plumage, rising full, to form the bed
Of luxury. And here a while the Muse,
High-hovering o'er the broad cerulean scene,
Sees Caledonia in romantic view ;
Her airy mountains from the waving main,
Invested with a keen diffusive sky,
Breathing the soul ecute ; her forests huge.
Incult, robust, and tall, by Nature's hand
Planted of old ; her azure lakes between,
Pour'd out extensive, and of watry wealth
Full ; winding deep, and green, her fertile vales ;
With many a cool translucent brimming flood
Wash'd lovely from the Tweed (*pure parent stream,*
Whose pastoral banks first heard my *Doric* reed,
With, *silvan Jeed*, thy tributary brook)
To where the north-inflated tempest foams
O'er Orca's or Betubium's highest peak :
Nurse of a people in misfortune's school
Train'd up to hardy deeds ; soon visited
By *Learning*, when before the Gothic rage
She took her western flight. A manly race,
Of unsubmitting spirit, wise and brave ;
Who still thro' bleeding ages struggled hard,
(As well unhappy Wallace can attest,
Great patriot hero ! ill-requitted chief !)
To hold a generous undiminish'd state ;
Too much in vain ! Hence of unequal bounds
Impatient, and by tempting glory borne
O'er every land, for every land their life
Has flow'd profuse, their piercing genius plan'd,
And swell'd the pomp of peace their faithful toil.
As from their own clear north, in radiant streams,
Bright over Europe bursts the *Boreal Morn*.
Oh is there not some patriot, in whose power

That blest, that godlike Luxury is plac'd,
Of blessing thousands, thousands yet unborn,
Thro' late posterity ? some large of soul,
To cheer dejected industry ? to give
A double harvest to the pining swain ?
And teach the labouring hand the sweets of toil ?
How, by the finest art, the native robe
To weave ; how, white as hyperborean snow,
To form the lucid lawn ; with venturous oar,
How to dash wide the billow ; nor look on,
Shamefully passive, while Batavian fleets
Defraud us of the glittering finny swarms,
That heave our friths, and croud upon our shores ;
How all-enlivening trade to rouse and wing
The prosperous sail, from every growing port,
Uninjur'd, round the sea-encircling globe ;
And thus, in soul united as in name,
Bid Britain reign the mistress of the deep ?

Yes, there are such. And full on thee, Argyle,
Her hope, her stay, her darling, and her boast,
From her first patriots and her heroes sprung,
Thy fond imploring country turns her eye ;
In thee, with all a mother's triumph, sees
Her every virtue, every grace combin'd,
Her genius, wisdom, her engaging turn,
Her pride of honour, and her courage try'd,
Calm, and intrepid in the very throat
Of sulphurous war, on Tenier's dreadful field.
Nor less the palm of peace inwreaths thy brow ;
For, powerful as thy sword, from thy rich tongue
Persuasion flows, and wins the high debate ;
While mix'd in thee combine the charm of youth,
The force of manhood, and the depth of age.
Thee, Forbes, too, whom every youth attends,
As truth sincere, as weeping friendship kind,
Thee, truly generous, and in silence great,

Thy country feels thro' her reviving arts,
Plan'd by thy wisdom, by thy soul inform'd;
And seldom has she known a friend like thee.

But see the fading many-colour'd woods,
Shade deepening over shade, the country round
Imbrown; a crowded umbrage, dusk, and dun,
Of every hue, from wan declining green
To sooty dark. These now the lonesome Muse,
Low-whispering, lead into their leaf-strown walks,
And give the season in its latest view.

Meantime, light shadowing all, a sober calm
Fleeces unbounded ether; whose least wave
Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn
The gentle current: while illum'd wide,
The dewy-skirted clouds imbibe the sun,
And thro' there lucid veil his soften'd force
Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time,
For those whom wisdom and whom Nature charm,
To steal themselves from the degenerate croud.
And soar above this little scene of things;
To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet:
To soothe the throbbing passions into peace:
And woe lone *Quiet* in her silent walks:

Thus solitary, and in pensive guise,
Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead,
And thro' the sadden'd grove, where scarce is heard
One dying strain, to cheer the woodman's toil.
Haply some widowed songster pours his plaint,
Far, in faint warblings, thro' the tawny copse.
While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,
And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late
Swell'd all the music of the swarming shades,
Robb'd of their tuneful souls, now shivering sit
On the dead tree, a full despondent flock;
With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,
And nought save chattering discord in their note.

O let not, aim'd from some inhuman eye,
The gun the music of the coming year
Destroy ; and harmless, unsuspecting harm,
Lay the weak tribes, a miserable prey,
In mingled murder, fluttering on the ground !

The pale descending year, yet pleasing still.
A gentler mood inspires ; for now the leaf
Incessant rustles from the mournful grove ;
Oft startling such as, studious walk below,
And slowly circles thro' the waving air.
But should a quicker breeze amid the boughs
Sob, o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams ;
Till choaked, and matted with the dreary shower,
The forest-walks, at every rising gale,
Roll wide the wither'd wastes and whistle bleak
Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields :

And, shrunk into their beds, the flowery race
Their sunny robes resign. Even what remain'd
Of stronger fruits falls from the naked tree ;
And woods, fields, gardens, orchards all around
The desolated prospect thrills the soul,

He comes ! he comes ! in every breeze the power
Of Philosophic Melancholy comes !

His near approach the sudden starting rear,
The glowing cheek, the mild dejected air,
The softened feature, and the beating heart,
Pierc'd deep with many a virtuous pang, declare,
O'er all the soul his sacred influence breathes !
Inflames imagination ; thro' the breast
Infuses every tenderness ; and far
Beyond dim earth, exalts the swelling thought.
Ten thousand thousand fleet ideas, such
As never mingled with the vulgar dream,
Croud fast into the mind's creative eye.
As fast the corresponding passions rise,
As varied, and as high : Devotion rais'd

To rapture, and divine astonishment !
 The love of Nature, unconfin'd, and, chief,
 Of human race ; the large ambitious wish,
 To make them blest ; the sigh for suffering worth,
 Lost in obscurity ; the noble scorn,
 Of tyrant-pride ; the fearless great resolve ;
 The wonder which the dying patriot draws,
 Inspiring glory thro' remotest time ;
 Th' awaken'd thro' for virtue, and for fame ;
 The sympathies of love, and friendship dear ;
 With all the *social Offspring of the heart*.

Oh bear me then to vast embowering shades,
 To twilight groves, and visionary vales ;
 To weeping grottoes, and prophetic glooms ;
 Where angel forms athwart the solemn dusk.
 Tremendous sweep, or seem to sweep along ;
 And voices more than human, thro' the void
 Deep-sounding, seize th' enthusiastic ear !

Or is this gloom too much ? Then lead, ye powers,
 That o'er the garden and the rural seat
 Preside, which shining thro' the chearful land
 In countless numbers blest Britania sees ;
 O lead me to the wide-extended walks,
 The fair majestic Paradise of Stowe * !
 Not *Persian Cyrus* on *Ionia's* shore,
 E'er saw such sylvan scenes, such various art
 By genius fir'd, such ardent genius tam'd
 By cool judicious art ; that in the strife,
 All beauteous Nature fears to be outdone,
 And there, O Pit, thy country's ear y boast,
 There let me sit beneath the shelter'd slopes,
 Or in that † *Temple* where, in future times,
 Thou shalt merit a distinguish'd name :

* *The seat of Lord Viscount Cobham,*

† *The Temple of Virtue in Stowe-Gardens.*

And, with thy converse blest, catch the last smiles
Of Autumn beaming o'er the yellow woods.
While there with thee th' enchanted round I walk,
The regulated wi'd, gay Fancy then
Will tread in thought the groves of *Attic Land*;
Will from thy standard taste refine her own,
Correct her pencil to the purest truth
Of nature, or, the unimpassion'd shades
Forsaking, raise it to the human mind.
Or if hereafter she; with *juster* hand,
Shall draw the tragic scene, instruct her thou,
To mark the varied movements of the heart,
That every decent character requires,
And every passion speaks: O thro' her strain
Breathe the pathetic eloquence! that moulds
Th' attentive senate, charms, persuades, exalts,
Of honest zeal th' indignant lightning throws,
And shakes corruption on her vernal throne.
While thus we talk, and thro' *Elysian Vales*
Delighted rove, perhaps a sigh escapes:
What pity, Cobham, thou thy verdant files
Of ordered trees should here inglorious range,
Instead of squadrons flaming o'er the field,
And long embattl'd hosts! When the proud foe,
The faithless vain disturber of mankind,
Insulting Gaul, has rous'd the world to war;
When keen, once more within her bounds to press
Those polish'd robbers, those ambitious slaves,
The British Youth would hail thy wise command,
Thy temper'd ardor and thy veteran skill.

The western sun withdraws the shorten'd day;
And humid evening, gliding o'er the sky,
In her chill progress, to the ground condens'd
The vapour throws. Where creeping waters ooze,
Where marshes stagnate, and where rivers wind,
Cluster the rolling fogs, and swim along

The dusky mantled lawn. Meen while the moon
Full-orb'd, and breaking thro' the scatter'd clouds,
Shews her broad visage in the crimson east.

Turn'd to the sun direct, her spotted disk,
Where mountains rise, umbrageous dales descend,
And caverns deep, as optic tube describes,
A smaller earth, gives all the blaze again,
Void of its flame, and sheds a softer day.

Now thro' the passing cloud she seems to stoop,
Now up the purer cerulean rides sublime.

Wide the pale deluge floats, and streaming mild
O'er the sky'd mountain to the shadowy vale,
While rocks and floods reflect the quivering gleam,
The whole air whitens with a boundless tide
Of silver radiance, trembling round the world.

But when half blotted from the sky her light,
Fainting, permits the starry fires to burn,
With keener lustre, thro' the depth of heaven;
Or quite extinct her deadened orb appears,
And scarce appears, of sickly beamless white;
Oft in this season, si'ent from the north
A blaze of meteors shoots: ensweeping first
The ower skies, they all at once converge
High to the crown of heaven, and all at once
Relapsing quick as quickly rescend,
And mix, and thwart, extinguish, and renew,
All either coursing in a maze of light.

From look to look, contagious thro' the croud,
The panic runs, and into wondrous shapes
Th' appearance throws: Armies in meet array,
Throng'd with aerial spears, and steeds of fire;
Till the long lines of full-extended war
In bleeding flight commixt, the sanguine flood
Rolls a broad slaughter o'er the plains of heaven.
As thus they scan the visionary scene,
On all sides swells the superstitious din,

Incontinent ; and busy frenzy talks
Of blood and battle ; cities over-turn'd
And late at night in swallowing earthquakes sunk,
Or hideous wrapt in fierce ascending flame ;
Of swallow famine, inundation, storm ;
Of pestilence, and every great distress ;
Empires subvers'd, when ruling fate has struck
Th' unalterable hour : even Nature's self
Is deem'd to totter on the brink of time.
Not so the Man of philosophic eye,
And inspect sage ; the wavering brightness he
Curious surveys, inquisitive to know
The causes, and materia s ; yet unfix'd,
Of this appearance beautiful and new.

Now black and deep the night begins to fall,
A shade immense. Sunk in the quenching gloom,
Magnificent and vast, are heaven and earth.
Order confounded lies ; all beauty void ;
Distinct on lost : and gay variety
One universal blot : such the fair power
Of light, to kindle and create the whole.
Dear is the state of the benighted wretch,
Who then, bewilder'd, wanders thro' the dark
Full of pale fancies, and chimera's huge ;
Nor visited by one directive ray,
From cottage streaming, or from airy hall.
Perhaps impatient as he stumbles on,
Struck from the root of slimy rushes, blue,
The wild-fire scatters round, or gather'd trails
A length of flame deceitful o'er the moss ;
Whither decoy'd by the fantastic blaze,
Now lost, and now renew'd, he sinks absorpt,
Rider and horse, amid the miry gulph.
While still, from day to day his pining wife,
And plaintive children his return await,

In wild conjecture lost. At other times,
 Seet by the *better Genius* of the night,
 Innoxious, gleaming on the horse's mane,
 The meteors sits; and shews the narrow path,
 That winding leads thro' pits of death, or else
 Instructs him how to take the dangerous ford.

The lengthened night elaps'd, the morning shines
 Serene, in all her dewy beauty bright,
 Unfolding fair the last autumnal day,
 And now the mountain sun dispells the fog;
 The rigid hoar-frost melts before his beam;
 And hung on every spray, on every blade
 Of grass, the myriad dew-drops twink'le round.

Ah see where robb'd, and murder'd, in that pit,
 Lies the still heaving hive! at evening snatch'd,
 Beneath the cloud of guilt-concealing night,
 And fix'd o'er sulphur: while not dreaming ill,
 The happy people, in their waxen cells,
 Sat tending public cares, and planning schemes
 Of temperance, for Winter poor; rejoic'd
 To mark, full flowing round their copious stores.
 Sudden the dark oppressivè steam ascends;
 And us'd to milder scents, the tender race,
 By thousands, tumble from their honey'd domes,
 Convolv'd, and agonizing in the dust.
 And was it then for this you rov'd the Spring,
 Intent from flower to flower? for this you toil'd
 Ceaseless the burning Summer-heats away?
 For this in Autumn search'd the blooming waste,
 Nor lost one sunny gleam? for this sad fate?
 O man! tyrannic lord! how long, how long,
 Shall prostrate Nature groan beneath your rage,
 Awaiting renovation? when oblig'd,
 Must you destroy? Of their ambrosial food
 Can you not borrow; and, in just return,
 Afford them shelter from the wintry winds;

Or, as the sharp year pinches, with their own
Again regale them on some smiling day?
See where the stony bottom of their town
Looks desolate, and wild; with here and there
A helpless number, who the ruin'd state
Survive, lamenting weep, cast out to death.
Thus a proud city, populous and rich,
Full of the works of peace, and high in joy,
At theatre or feast, or sunk in sleep,
(As late, Palermo, was by fate) is seiz'd
By some dread earthquake, and convulsive hurl'd
Sheer from the black foundation, stench-involv'd,
Into a gulph of blue sulphurous flame.

Hence every harsher sight! for now the day,
O'er heaven and earth diffus'd, grows warm, and
Infinite splendor! wide investing all. [high,
How still the breeze! save, what the filmy threads
Of dew evaporate brushes from the plain.
How clear the cloudless sky! how deeply ting'd
With a peculiar blue! the etherial arch
How swell'd immense! amid whose azure thron'd
The radiant sun how gay! how calm below
The gilded earth! the harvest treasures all
Now gather'd in, beyond the rage of storms,
Sure to the swain; the circling fence shut up;
And instant Winter's utmost rage defy'd.
While loose to festive joy, the country round
Laughs with the loud sincerity of mirth,
Shook to the wind their cares. The toil-stung youth
By the quick sense of music taught alone,
Leaps wildly graceful in the lively dance.
Here every charm abroad, the village toast.
Young, buxom, warm, in native beauty rich,
Darts not unmeaning looks; and where her eye
Points an approving smile, with double force,
The cudgels rattles, and the wrestler twines.

Age too shines out ; and garrulous, recounts
The feats of youth. Thus they rejoice, nor think
That, with to-morrow's fun, their annual toil
Begins again the never-ceasing round.

Oh knew he but his happiness, of Men
The happiest he ! who far from public rage,
Deep in the vale, with a *choice Few* retir'd,
Drinks the pure pleasures of the Rural Life.
What tho' the dome be wanting, whose proud gate,
Each morning, vomits out the sneaking croud
Of flatterers false, and in the turn abus'd ?
Vile intercourse ! What tho' the glittering robe,
Of every hue reflected light can give,
Or floating loose, or stiff with mazy gold,
The pride and gaze of fools ! oppress him not ?
What tho', from utmost land and sea purvey'd,
For him each rarer tributary life
Beeds not, and his insatiate table heaps
With luxury, and death ? What tho' his bowl
Flames not with costly juice ; nor sunk in beds,
Oft of gay care, he tosses out the night,
Or melts the thoughtless hours in idle state ?
What, tho' he knows not those fantastic joys,
That still amuse the wanton, still deceive ;
A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain :
Their hollow moments undelighted all ?
Sure peace is his ; a solid life, estrang'd
To disappointment, and fallacious hope :
Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich,
In herbs and fruits ; whatever greens the Spring,
When heaven descends in showers, or bends the bough
When Summer reddens, and when Autumn beams ;
Or in the wintry glebe whatever lies
Conceal'd, and fattens with the richest sap :
These are not wanting, nor the milky drove,
Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale ;

Nor bleating mountains; nor the chide of streams,
And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere
Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade,
Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay;
Nor ought beside of prospect, grove, or song.
Dim grottoes, gleaming lakes, and fountains clear.
Here too dwells simple truth; plain innocence;
Unfollied beauty; found unbroken youth,
Patient of labour, with a little pleas'd;
Health ever-blooming; unambitious toil;
Calm contemplation, and poetic ease.

Let others brave the floods in quest of gain
And beat, for joyless months the gloomy wave.
Let such as deem it glory to destroy
Rush into blood, the sack of cities seek;
Unpeirc'd, exulting in the widow's wail,
The virgin's shriek, and infant's trembling cry.
Let some, far distant from their native soil,
Urg'd or by want or hardened avarice,
Find other lands beneath another sun,
Let this thro' cities work his eager way,
By legal outrage, and established guile,
The social sense extinct; and that ferment
Mad into tumult the seditious herd,
Or melt them down to slavery. Let these
Insnare the wretched in the toils of law,
Fomenting discord, and perplexing right,
An iron race! and those of fairer front,
But equal in humanity, in courts,
Delusive pomp, and dark cabals, delight;
Wreath the deep bow, diffuse the lying smile,
And tread the weary labyrinth of state.
While he, from all the stormy passions free
That restless Man involve, hears, and but hears,
At distance safe, the human tempest roar,
Wrapt close in conscious peace. The fall of kings,

The rage of nations, and the crush of states,
Move not the Man, who, from the world escap'd,
In still retreats, and flowery solitudes,
To Nature's voice attends, from month to month,
And day to day, thro' the revolving year ;
Admiring, sees her in her every shape ;
Feels all her sweet emotions at his heart ;
Takes what she liberal gives, nor thinks of more,
He, when young Spring protudes the bursting gems,
Marks the first bud, and sucks the heathful gale
Into his freshen'd soul ; her genial hours
He full enjoys ; and not a beauty blows,
And not an opening blossom breathes in vain.
In Summer he, beneath the living shade,
Such as o'er frigid Tempe wont to wave,
Or Hemas cool, reads what the Muse, of these
Perhaps, has in immortal numbers sung ;
Or what she dictates writes : and, oft an eye
Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year.
When Autumn's yellow lustre gilds the world,
And tempts the sickle swain into the field,
Seiz'd by the general joy, his heart distends
With gentle throws ; and thro' the tepid gleams
Deep-musing, then he *best* exerts his song.
Even Winter, wild to him, is full of bliss.
The mighty tempest, and the hoary waste,
Abrupt, and deep, stretch'd o'er the buried earth,
Awake to solemn thought. At night the skies,
Disclos'd, and kindled, by refining frost,
Pour every lustre on th' exalted eye.
A friend, a book the stealing hours secure,
And mark them down for wisdom. With swift wing
O'er land and sea imagination roams ;
Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind,
Elates his being, and unfolds his powers ;
Or in his breast heroic virtue burns.

The touch of kindred too and love he feels ;
The modest eye, whose beams on his alone
Extatic shine ; the little strong embrace
Of prattling children, twin'd around his neck,
And emulous to please him, calling forth
The fond parental soul. Nor purpose gay,
Amusement, dance, or song, he sternly scorns ;
For happiness and true philosophy
Are of the social still and smiling kind.
This is the life which those who fret in guilt.
And guilty cities, never knew ; the life,
Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt,
When angels dwelt, and God himself, with Man ;
Oh Nature ! all-sufficient ! over all !
Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works !
Snatch me to heaven ; thy rolling wonders there,
World beyond world, in infinite extent,
Profusely scatter'd o'er the blue immense,
Shew me : their motions, periods, their laws,
Give me to scan ; thro the disclosing deep
Light my blind way : the mineral *Strata* there ;
Thrust, blooming, thence the vegetable world ;
O'er that the rising system, more complex,
Of animals ; and higher still the mind,
The varied scene of quick-compounded thought,
And where the mixing passions endless shift ;
These ever open to my ravish'd eye :
A search, the flight of time can ne'er exhaust !
But if to that unequal ; if the blood,
In sluggish streams about my heart, forbid
The *best* ambition under closing shades,
Inglorious, lay me by the lawly brook,
And whisper to my dreams. From Thee begin,
Dwell all on Thee, with Thee conclude my song ;
And let me never never stray from Thee !

W I N T E R.



TH



W I N T E R.

The A R G U M E N T.

The subject proposed. Address to the Earl of Wilmington. First approach of Winter. According to the natural course of the season, various storms described. Rain. Wind. Snow. The driving of the snows: A Man perishing among them; whence reflections on the wants and miseries of human life. The wolves descending from the Alps and Appennines. A winter-evening described: as spent by philosophers; by the country-people; in the city. Frost. A View of Winter within the polar Circle. A thaw. The whole concluding with moral reflections on a future state.

SEE, Winter comes to rule the varied year,
 Sullen and sad, with all his rising train;
Vapours, and Clouds, and Storms. Be these my theme,
 These, that exalt the soul to solemn thought,
 And heavenly musing. Welcome, kindred glooms!
 Congenial horrors, hail! with frequent foot,
 Pleas'd have I, in my chearful morn of life,
 When nurs'd by careless solitude I liv'd,
 And sung of Nature with unceasing joy,
 Pleas'd have I wander'd thro' your rough domain;
 Trod the pure virgin-snows, myself as pure;
 Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent burst;
 Or seen the deep fermenting tempest brew'd,

In the grim evening sky. Thus pass'd the time,
Till thro' the lucid chambers of the south,
Look'd out the joyous Spring, look'd out and smil'd.

To thee, the patron of *this first* essay,
The Muse, O Wilmington! renews her song
Since has she rounded the revolving year,
Skim'd the gay Spring; on eagle-pinions borne,
Attempted thro' the Summer's blaze to rise;
Then swept o'er Autumn with the shadowy gale;
And now among the wintry clouds again,
Roll'd in the doubling storm, she tries to soar
To swell her note with all the rushing winds;
To suit her sounding cadence to the floods;
As in her theme, her numbers wildly great;
Thrice happy! could she fill thy judging ear
With bold description, and with manly thought.
Nor art thou skill'd in awful scenes alone,
And how to make a mighty people thrive:
But equal goodness, sound integrity,
A firm unshaken uncorrupted soul
Amid a sliding age, and burning strong,
Not vainly blazing for thy country's weal,
A steady spirit regularly free;
These, each exalting each, the statesman light
Into the patriot; these, the public hope
And eye to thee converting, bid the Muse
Record what envy dares not flattery call.

Now when the cheerless empire of the sky
To *Capricorn* the *Centaur Archer* yields,
And fierce *Arquarius* stains th' inverted year;
Hung o'er the farthest verge of heaven, the sun
Scarce spreads o'er ether the dejected day.
Faint are his gleams, and ineffectual shoot
His struggling rays, in horizontal lines,
Thro' the thick air; as cloath'd in clondy storm,
Weak, wan, and broad, he skirts the southern sky;

And soon descending, to the long dark night,
Wide shading all, the prostrate world resigns.
Nor is the night unwish'd ; while vital heat,
Life, light, and joy, the dubious day forsake.
Mean time, in sable cincture, shadows vast,
Deep-ting'd and damp, and congregated clouds,
And all the vapoury turbulence of heav'n
Involve the face of things. Thus Winter falls,
A heavy gloom oppressive o'er the world,
Thro' Nature shedding influence malign,
And rouses up the seeds of dark disease.
The soul of Man dies in him, loathing life,
And black with more than melancholy life,
The cattle droop ; and o'er the furrow'd land,
Fresh from the plough, the dun discolour'd flocks,
Untended spreading, crop the wholesome root.
Along the woods, along the moorish fens,
Sighs the sad *Genius* of the coming storm :
And up among the loose disjointed cliffs,
And fractur'd mountains wild, the brawling brook
And cave presageful, send a hollow moan,
Resounding long in listening Fancy's ear.

Then comes the father of the tempest forth,
Wrapt in black glooms. First joyless rains obscure
Drives thro' the mingling skies with vapour foul ;
Dash on the mountain's brow, and shake the woods,
That grumbling wave below. Th' unfightly plain
Lies a brown deluge ; as the low-bent clouds
Pour flood on flood, yet unexhausted still
Combine, and deepening into night shut up
The day's fair face. The wanderers of heaven,
Each to his home, retire ; save those that love
To take their pastime in the troubled air,
Of skimming flutter round the dimply pool.
The cattle from th' untasted fields return,
And ask, with meaning lowe, their wanted stalls,

Or ruminatè in the contiguous shade.
 Thither the household feathery people croud.
 The crested cock, with all his female train,
 Pensive, and drooping; while the cottage hind
 Hangs o'er th' enlivening blaze, and taleful there
 Recounts his simple frolick: much he talks,
 And much he laughs, nor recks the storm that blows
 Without, and rattles on the humble roof.

Wide o'er the brim, with many a torrent swell'd,
 And the mix'd ruin of its banks o'erspread,
 At last the rous'd-up river pours along:
 Resistless, roaring, dreadful, down it comes,
 From the rude mountain, and the mossy wild,
 Tumbling thro' rocks abrupt, and founding far;
 Then o'er the sanded valley floating spreads,
 Calm, sluggish, silent; till again constrain'd,
 Between two beating hills it bursts away,
 Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid stream
 There gathering triple force, rapid, and deep,
 It boils and wheels, and foams, and thunders thro'.

Nature! great parent! whose unceasing hand
 Rolls round the Seasons of the changful year,
 How mighty, how majestic are thy works!
 With what a pleasing dread they swell the soul!
 That sees astonish'd! and astonish'd sings!
 Ye too, ye winds! that now begin to blow,
 With boisterous sweep, I raise my voice to you.
 Where are your stores, ye powerful beings! say,
 Where your aerial magazines reserv'd,
 To swell the brooding terrors of the storm?
 In what far-distant region of the sky,
 Hush'd in deep silence, sleep you when 'tis calm?

When from the palid sky the sun descends,
 With many a spot, that o'er his garbling orb
 Uncertain wanders, stain'd; red fiery streaks
 Begin to flush around. The reeling clouds

Stagger with dizzy poize, as doubting yet
 Which master to obey : while rising slow,
 Blank, in the leaden-colour'd east, the moon
 Wears a wan circle round her blunted horns.
 Seen thro' the turpid fluctuating air,
 The stars obtruse emit a shivering ray ;
 Or frequent seem to shoot athwart the gloom,
 And long behind them trail the whitening blaze.
 Snatch'd in short eddies, plays the wither'd leaf ;
 And on the flood the dancing feather floats.
 With broidened nostrils to the sky upturn'd,
 The conscious heifer snuffs the stormy gale.
 Evt as the matron, at her nightly task,
 With pensive labour draws the flaxen thread,
 The wasted taper and the crackling flame
 Foretel the blast. But chief the plummy race,
 The tenants of the sky, its changes speak.
 Retiring from the downs, where all day long
 They pic k'd their scanty fate, a blackening train
 Of clamorous rooks thick-urge their weary flight.
 And seek the closing shelter of the grove.
 Assiduous, in his bower, the wailing owl
 Plies his sad song. The cormorant on high
 Wheels from the deep, and streams along the land.
 Loud shrieks the soaring hern ; and with wild wing
 The circling sea fowl cleave the flaky clouds.
 Ocean, unequal press'd, with broken tide
 And blind commotion heaves ; while from the shore,
 Eat into caverns by the restless wave,
 And forest-rustling mountain, comes a voice,
 That solemn-sounding bids the world prepare.
 Thed issues forth the storm with sudden burst,
 And hurls the whole precipitated air,
 Down in a torrent. On the passive main
 Descends th' etherial force, and with strong gust
 Turns from its bottom the discolour'd deep.

Thro' the black night that sits immense around,
Lash'd into foam, the fierce conflicting brine
Seems o'er a thousand raging waves to burn :
Mean-time the mountain-billows to the clouds
In dreadful tumults swell'd, surge above surge,
Burst into chaos with tremendous roar,
And anchor'd navies from their stations drive,
Wild as the winds across the howling waste
Of mighty waters : now th' inflated wave
Straining they scale, and now impetuous shoot
Into the secret chambers of the deep,
The wintry Baltick thundering o'er their head.
Emerging thence again before the breath
Of full exerted heaven they wing their course,
And dart on distant coasts ; if some sharp rock,
Or shoal insidious break not their career,
And in loose fragments fling them floating round.

Nor less at land the loosen'd tempest reigns.
The mountain thunders ; and its sturdy sons
Stoop to the bottom of the rocks they shade.
Lone on the midnight steep, and all aghast,
The dark way-faring stranger breathless toils,
And, often falling, climbs against the blast.
Low waves the rooted forest, vex'd, and sheds
What of its tarnish'd honours yet remain ;
Dash'd down, and scatter'd, by the tearing wind's
Assiduous fury, its gigantic limbs.
Thus struggling thro' the dissipated grove,
The whirling tempest raves along the plain ;
And on the cottage thatch'd, or lordly roof.
Keen fastening, shakes them to the solid base,
Sleep frighted flies ; and round the rocking dome.
For entrance eager, howls the savage blast.
Then too, they say, thro' all the burthen'd air,
Long groans are heard, shrill sounds, and distant
That utter'd by the Demon of the night, (sigh,

Warn the devoted wretch of woe and death.

Huge uproar lords it wide. The clouds commix'd
With stars swift gliding sweep along the sky.

All Nature reels. Till Nature's King, who oft
Amidst tempestuous darkness dwells alone,

And on the wings of the careering wind

Walks dreadfully serene, commands a calm :

Then straight air, sea and earth are hush'd at once.

And yet 'tis midnight deep. The weary clouds,
Slow-meeting mingle into solid gloom.

Now, while the drowsy world lies lost in sleep,

Let me associate with the serious *Night*,

And *Contemplation* her sedate compeer ;

Let me shake off the intrusive cares of day,

And lay the meddling senses all aside.

Where now, ye lying vanities of life !

Ye ever-tempting, ever-cheating train !

Where are you now ? and what is your amount ?

Vexation, disappointment, and remorse.

Sad sickening thought ! and yet deluded Man,

A scene of crude disjointed visions past,

And broken slumbers, rises still resolv'd,

With new-flush'd hopes to run the giddy round.

Father of light and life ! thou Good Supreme !

O teach me what is good ! teach me Thyself !

Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,

From every low pursuit ! and feed my soul

With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure ;

Sacred, substantial, never fading bliss !

The keener tempests come : and fuming dun

From all livid east, or piercing north,

Thick clouds ascend ; in whose capacious womb

A vapoury deluge lies, to snow congeal'd.

Heavy they roll their fleecy world along ;

And the sky saddens with the gather'd storm.

Thro' the hush'd air the whitening shower descends,
At first thin-wavering ; till at last the flakes
Fall broad and wide, and fast, the dimming day.
With a continual flow. The cherish'd fields
Put off their winter-robe of purest white,
'Tis brightness all ; save where the new snow melts
Along the mazy current. Low the 'woods
Bow their hoar-head ; and ere the languid sun
Faint from the west emits his evening ray,
Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,
Is one wide dazzling waste, that buries wide
The works of Man. Drooping, the labourer-ox
Stands cover'd o'er with snow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
Tam'd by the cruel season, croud around
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
Which providence assigns them. One alone,
The red-breast, sacred to the household Gods,
Wisely regardful of th' embroiling sky,
In joyless fields, and thorny thickets, leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted Man
His annual visit. Half afraid, he first
Against the window beats ; then, brisk, alights
On the warm hearth ; then, hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the smiling family askance,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is :
Till more familiar grown, the table crumbs
Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
Tho' timorous of heart, and hard beset
By death in various forms, dark snares and dogs,
And more un pitying Men, the garden seeks,
Urg'd on by fearless want. The bleating kind
Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening earth,
With looks of dumb despair ; then, sad dispers'd,
Dig for the withered herb thro' heaps of snow.

Now, shepherds, to your helpless charge be kind,
Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens
With food at will; lodge them below the storm,
And watch them strict: for them the bellowing east,
In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's wing
Sweeps up the burthen of whole wintry plains
At one wide waft, and o'er the hapless flocks,
Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,
The billow tempest whelms; till, upward urg'd,
The valley to a shining mountain swells,
Tipt with a wreath, high-curling in the sky.
As thus the snows arise; and foul, and fierce,
All winter drives along the darkened air;
In his own loose-revolving fields, the swain
Disaster'd stands; sees other hills ascend,
Of unknown joyless brow: and other scenes,
Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain:
Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
Beneath the formless wild; but wanders on
From hill to dale, still more and more astray;
Impatient flouncing thro' the drifted heaps, (home
Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts of
Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul!
What black despair, what horror fills his heart!
When for the dusky spot, with fancy feign'd
His tufted cuttage rising thro' the snow,
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
Far from the tract and blest abode of Man;
While round him night restless closes fast,
And every tempest howling o'er his head,
Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,
Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,
And dire descent! beyond the power of frost,

Of faithless bogs ; of precipices huge,
 Smooth'd up with snow ; and, what is land unknown
 What water, of the still frozen spring,
 In the loose marsh or soluntary lake,
 Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.
 These check his fearful steps ; and down he sinks
 Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
 Thinking o'er all the the bitterness of death,
 Mix'd with the tender anguish Nature shoots
 Thro' the wrung bosom of the dying Man,
 His wife, his children, and his friends unseen.
 In vain for him th' officious wife prepares
 The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm ;
 In vain his little children, peeping out
 Into the mingling storm, demand their fire,
 With tears of artless innocence- Alas !
 Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold,
 Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve
 The deadly Winter seizes ; shuts up sense ;
 And o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
 Lays him along the snows, a stiffened corpse,
 Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blast.

Ah little think the gay licentious proud,
 Whom pleasure, power, and affluence furround ;
 They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
 And wa:ton, often cruel, riot, waste ;
 Ah little think they, while they dance along.
 How many feel, this very moment, death
 And all the sad variety of pain.
 How many sink in the devouring flood,
 Or more devouring flame. How many bleed.
 By shameful variance betwixt Man and Man.
 How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms ;
 Shut from the common air, and common use
 Of their own limbs. How many drink the cup
 Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread

Of misery. Sore pierc'd by wintry winds,
 How many shrink into the sordid hut
 Of cheerless poverty. How many shak
 With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
 Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse;
 Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,
 They furnish matter for the tragic Muse.
 Even in the vale, where wisdom loves to dwell,
 With friendship, peace, and contemplation join'd,
 How many, rack'd with honest passions, droop
 In deep retir'd distress. How many stand
 Around the death-bed of their dearest friends,
 And point the parting anguish. Thought fond man
 Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills,
 That on incessant struggle render life,
 One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate.
 Vice in its high career would stand appall'd,
 And heedless rambling Impulse learn to think;
 The conscious heart of Charity would warm,
 And her wide wish Benevolence dilate;
 The social tear would rise, the social sigh;
 And into clear perfection. gradual bliss,
 Resigning still the social passions work.

And here can I forget the generous * band,
 Who, touch'd with human woe, redressive search'd
 Into the horrors of the gloomy jail?
 Unpity'd, and unheard, where misery moans;
 Where sickness pines; where thirst and hunger burn,
 And poor misfortune feels the lash of vice.
 While in the land of liberty, the land,
 Whose every street and public meeting glow
 With open freedom, little tyrants rag'd;
 Snatch'd the lean morsel from the starving mouth;
 Tore from cold wintry limbs the tatter'd weed;

* *The Jail Committee in the Year 1729.*

Even robb'd them of the last of comforts, sleep;
 The free-born Briton to the dungeon chain'd,
 Or, as the lust of cruelty prevail'd,
 At pleasure mark'd him with inglorious stripes;
 And crush'd out lives, by secret barbarous ways,
 That for their country would have toil'd or bled,
 O great design! if executed well,
 With patient care, and wisdom-temper'd zeal.
 Ye sons of mercy! yet resume the search;
 Drag forth the legal monsters into light,
 Wrrench from their hands oppression's iron rod,
 And bid the cruel feel the pangs they give.

Much still untouch'd remains; in this rank age,
 Much is the patriot's weeding hand requir'd.
 The toils of law, (what dark insidious men
 Have cumbrous added to perplex the truth;
 And lengthen'd simple justice into trade)
 How glorious were the day! that saw these broke,
 And every man within the reach of right.

By wintry famine rous'd, from all the tract
 Of horrid mountains which the shining Alps,
 And wavy Appenines, and Pyrenees,
 Branch out stupendous into distant lands;
 Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave!
 Burding for blood! bony, and ghaunt, and grim.
 Assembling wolves in raging troops descend;
 And pouring o'er the country, bear along
 Keen as the north-wind sweeps the glossy snow.
 All is their prize. They fasten on the steed,
 Press him to earth, and pierce his mighty heart.
 Nor can the bull his awful front defend,
 Or shake the murdering savages away.
 Rapacious, at the mother's throat they fly,
 And tear the screaming infant from her breast.
 The godlike face of Man avails him nought.
 Even beauty, force divine! at whose bright glance

The generous lion stands in softened gaze,
Here bleeds, a hapless undistinguish'd prey.
But if, appriz'd of the severe attack,
The country be shut up, lur'd by the scent,
On church-yards drear (inhuman to relate!)
The disappointed prowlers fall and dig
The shrouded body from the grave; o'er which,
Mix'd with foul shades, and frighted ghosts they howl.

Among those hilly regions, where embrac'd
In peaceful vale the happy Grisoms dwell;
Oft, rushing sudden from the lorded cliffs,
Mountains of snow their gathering terrors roll.

From steep to steep, loud thundering down they
A wintry waste in dire commotion all; [come,
And herds, and flocks, and travellers, and swains,
And sometimes whole brigades of marching troops,
Of hamlets sleeping in the dead of night,
Are deep beneath the smothering ruin whelm'd.

Now, all amid the rigors of the year,
In the wild depth of Winter, while without
The ceaseless winds blow ice, be my retreat,
Between the groaning forest and the shore,
Beat by the boundless multitude of waves,
A rural, shelter'd, solitary, scene;
Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join,
To cheer the gloom. There studious, let me sit,
And hold high converse with the Mighty Dead;
Sages of ancient time, as gods rever'd,
As gods beneficent, who blest mankind
With arts and arms, and humaniz'd a world.
Rous'd at th' inspiring thought, I throw aside
The long liv'd volume; and, deep-musing hail
The sacred shades, that slowly-rising pass
Before my wandering eyes. First Socrates,
Who firmly good in a corrupted state,
Against the rage of tyrants *single* stood,

Invincible calm Reason's holy law,
 That *Voice* of God within th' attentive mind,
 Obeying, fearless, or in life or death;
 Great moral teacher! *Wiseſt of Mankind!*
 So on the north, who built his common-weal
 On equity's wide baſe; by *tender laws*
 A lively people curbing, yet undamp'd
 Preſerving ſtill that quick peculiar fire,
 Whence in the laurel field of finer arts,
 And of bold freedom they unequal'd ſhone,
 The pride of ſmiling Greece, and human-kind.
 Lycergus then, who bow'd beneath the force
 Of ſtrictest diſpline, *ſeverely wiſe*,
 All human paſſions. Following him, I ſee,
 As at Thermopylæ he glorious fell,
 The firm * Devoted Chief, who prov'd by deeds
 The hardeſt leſſon which the *other* taught.
 Then Ariſtides liſts his honeſt front;
 Spotleſs of heart, to whom the unflattering voice
 Of freedom gave the nobleſt name of Juſt;
 In pure maſtic poverty rever'd;
 Who, even his glory to his country's weal
 Submitting, ſwell'd a haughty † Rival's fame.
 Rear'd by his care, of ſofter ray appears
 Cimon ſweet-ſoul'd; whoſe genius, riſing ſtrong,
 Shook off the load of young debauch abroad
 The ſcourge of Perſian pride, at home the friend
 Of every worth and every ſplendid art;
 Modest, and ſimple, in the pomp of wealth.
 Then the laſt worthies of declining Greece,
 Late call'd to glory, in *unequal* times,
 Penſive appear. The fair Corinthian boar,
 Timoleon, temper'd happy, mild, and firm,
 Who wept the Brother while the Tyrant bled.

† *Themistocles.*

And equal to the best, the * Thebian Pair,
 Whose virtues, in *heroic Concord* join'd,
 Their country rais'd to freedom, empire, fame,
 He too with whom Athenian honour sunk,
 And left a mass of sordid lees behind,
 Phocian the Good; in public life severe,
 To virtue still inexorably firm;
 But when, beneath his low illustrious roof,
 Sweet peace and happy wisdom smooch'd his brow,
 No friendship softer was, nor love more kind.
 And he, the *last* of old Lycurgus' sons,
 The generous victim to that vain attempt,
 To *save a rotten State*, Agis, who saw
 Even Sparta's self to servile avarice sunk.
 The two Achaian heroes close the train.
 Aratus, who a while resum'd the soul
 Of fondly lingering liberty in Greece:
 And he her darling at her latest hope,
 The *gallant* Philopemon; who to a man
 Turn'd the luxurious pomp he could not cure;
 Or toiling in his farm, a simple swain;
 Or bold and skilful, thundering in the field.

Of rougher front, a mighty people come!
 A race of heroes! in those virtuous times
 Which knew no stain, save that with partial flame
 Their *dearest* country they *too fondly* lov'd.
 Her *better Founder* first, the light of Rome,
 Numa, who soften'd her rapacious sons.
 Servius the King, who laid his soled base
 On which o'er earth the *vast republic* spread.
 Then the great consults venerable rise.
 The † Public Father who the *Private* quell'd,
 As on the dread tribunal sternly sad.

* *Peloidas and Epaminondas.*

† *Marcus Junius Brutus.*

He, whom his thankless country *could not* lose,
 Camillus, only vengeful to her foes.
 Fabricus. scorner of all-conquering gold;
 And Cincinnatus, awful from the plough.
 Thy ¶ Willing Victim; Carthage, bursting loose
 From all that pleading Nature could oppose.
 From a whole city's tears, by rigid faith-
 Imperious call'd, and honour's dire command.
 Scipio, the *gentle chief*, humanely strove,
 Who soon the spotless race of glory ran,
 And, warm in youth, to the Poetic Shade
 With Friendship and Philosophy retir'd.
 Tully, whose powerful eloquence a while
 R strain'd the *rapid* fate of rushing Rome.
 Unconquer'd Cato, virtuous in extreme.
 And thou, unhappy Brutus, kind of heart,
 Whose steady arm, by awful virtue urg'd,
 Lifted the Roman steel against thy *Friend*.
 Thousands besides the tribute of a verse
 Demand; but who can count the stars of heaven?
 Who sing their influence on this lower world?

Behold, who yonder comes! in sober state,
 Fair, mild, and strong, as is the virgin sun:
 Tis Phœbus' self, or else the Mantuan swain!
 Great Homer too appears, of daring wing,
 Parent of song! and equal by his side,
 The British Muse; join'd hand in hand they walk,
 Darkling, full up the middle steep to fame.
 Nor absent are those shades, whose skillful touch
 Pathetic drew th' impassion'd heart, and charm'd
 Transported Athens with the moral scene:
 Nor those who, tuneful, wak'd th' enchanting lyre.

First of your kind! Society divine!
 Still visit thus my nights, for you reserv'd,

And mount my soaring soul to thoughts like yours.
Silence, thou lonely power ! the door be thine ;
See on the hollowed hour that none intrude,
Save a few chosen friends, who sometimes deign
To bless my humble roof, with sense refin'd,
Learning digested well, exalted faith,
Unstudy'd wit, and humour ever gay.
Or from the muses' hill will Pope descend,
To raise the sacred hour, to bid it smile,
And with the social spirit warm the heart :
For tho' no sweeter his own Homer sings,
Yet is his life the more endearing song.
Where art thou Hammond ? Thou the darling pride,
The friend and lower of the tuneful throng !
Ah why, dear youth, in all the blooming prime
Of venal genius, where disclosing fast
Each active worth, each manly virtue lay,
Why wert thou ravish'd from our hopes so soon ?
What now avails the noble thirst of fame,
Which stung thy fervent breast ? That treasur'd store
Of knowledge early gain'd ? That eager zeal
To serve thy country, glowing in the band
Of youthful Patriots, who sustain her name ?
What now, alas ! that life-diffusing charm
Of sprightly wit ? That rapture for the Muse,
That heart of friendship, and that soul of joy,
Which bad with softest light thy virtues smile.
Ah ! only shew'd to check our fond pursuits,
And teach our humbled hopes that life is vain.

Thus in some deep retirement would I pass
The winter-glooms. with friend of pliant soul,
Or blithe, or solemn, as the theme inspir'd :
With them would search, if Nature's boundless frame
Was call'd, late rising from the void of night,
Or sprung *eternal* from th' eternal Mind ;
 its life, its laws, its progress, and its end.

Hence larger prospects of the beauteous whole
Would, gradual open to our opening minds ;
And each diffusive harmony unite,
In full perfection to th' astonish'd eye,
Then would we try to scan the *moral World*,
Which, tho' to us it seems embrold, moves on
In higher order ; fitted, and impell'd,
By wisdom's finest hand, and issuing all
In *General Good*. The sage historic Muse
Should next conduct us thro' the deeps of time :
Shew us how empire grew, declin'd, and fell,
In scatter'd states : what makes the nations smile,
Improves their soil, and gives them double sons ;
And why they pine beneath the brightest skies,
In Nature's richest lap. As thus we talk'd,
Our hearts would burn within us, would inhale
That portion of divinity, that ray
Of purest heaven, which lights the public soul
Of patriots, and of heroes. But if doom'd
In powerless humble fortune, to repress
These ardent risings of the kindling soul ;
Then, even superior to ambition, we
Would learn the private virtues ; how to glide
Thro' shades and plains, along the smoothest stream
Of rural life : or snatch'd away by hope,
Thro' the dim spaces of futurity,
With earnest eye anticipate those scenes
Of happiness, and wonder ; where the mind,
In endless growth and infinite ascent,
Rises from state to state, and world to world.
But when with these the serious thought is foil'd,
We, shifting for relief, would play the shapes
Of frolic fancy ; and incessant form
Those rapid pictures, that assembled train
Of fleet ideas, never join'd before,
Whence lively Wit excites to gay surprize ;

Or folly-painting Humour, grave himself,
Calls Laughter forth, deep-shaking every nerve.

Mean time the village rouzes up the fire ;
While well-attested, and as well believ'd,
Heard solemn, goes the goblin-story round ;
Till superstitious horror creeps o'er all.
Or, frequent in the sounding hall they wake
The rural gambol. Rustic mirth goes round ;
The simple joke that takes the shepherd's heart,
Easily pleas'd ; the long loud laugh sincere ;
The kiss, snatch'd hasty from the side-long maid,
On purpose guardless, or pretending sleep :
The leap. the slap, the haul ; and ~~hook~~ to notes
Of native music, the respondent dance.
Thus jocund fleets with them the winter-night.

The city swarms intense, The public haunt,
Full of each theme, and warm with mix'd discourse,
Hums indistinct. The sons of riot flow
Down the loose stream of false enchanted joy,
To swift destruction. On the rankled soul
The gaming fury falls. and in one gulph
Of total ruin, honour, virtue, peace,
Friends, families, and fortune, headlong sink.
Up-springs the dance along the lighted dome,
Mix'd, and involv'd, a thousand sprightly ways.
The glittering court effuses every pomp,
The circle deepens : beam'd from gaudy robes,
Tapers, and sparkling gems, and radiant eyes.
A soft effulgence o'er the palace waves :
While a gay insect in his summer-shine,
The fop, light fluttering. spreads his mealy wings.

Dread o'er the scene the ghost of Hamlet stalks ;
Othello rages ; poor Monimia mourous ;
And Belvidera pours her soul in love.
Terror alarms the breast ; the comely tear
Steals o'er the cheek : or else the Comic Mu

Holds to the world a picture of itself,
 And raises fly the fair impartial Laugh.
 Sometime she lifts her strain, and paints the scenes
 Of *beauteou* life; what e'er can deck mankind,
 Or charm the heart, in generous & Bevil shew'd.

O Thou, whose wisdom, solid yet refin'd,
 Whose patriot virtues, and consummate skill
 To touch the finer springs that move the world,
 Join'd to whate'er the *Graces* can bestow,
 And all Apollo's animating fire,
 Give thee with pleasing dignity, to shine
 At once the guardian, ornament, and joy,
 Of polish'd life; permit the Rural Muse,
 O Chesterfield, to grace with thee her song!
 Ere to the shades again she humbly flies,
 Indulge thy fond ambition in thy train
 (For every muse has in thy train a place)
 To mark thy various full-accomplish'd mind,
 To mark that spirit, which, with British Scor
 Rejects the allurements of corrupted power;
 That elegant politeness, which excels;
 Even in the judgment of presumptuous France,
 The boasted manners of her shining court;
 That wit, the vivid energy of sense,
 The truth of Nature, which, with Arctic point
 And kind well temper'd satire, smoothly keen,
 Steels thro' the soul, and without pain corrects,
 Or, rising thence with yet a brighter flame,
 O let me hail thee on some glorious day,
 When to the listening senate, ardent, croud
 Britannia's sons to hear her pleaded cause.
 Then dress'd by thee, more amiably fair,
 Truth the soft robe of mild persuasion wears:
 Thou to assenting reason giv'st again

& *Character in the Conscious Lovers, written by*
Sir Richard Steele.

Her own enlightened thoughts ; call'd from the heart,
Th' obedient passion on thy voice attend ;
And even reluctant party feels a while
Thy gracious power : as thro' the varied maze
Of eloquence, now smooth, now quick, now strong,
Profound and clear, you roll the copious flood.

To thy lov'd haunt return, my happy Muse :
For now, behold, the joyous winter-days,
Frosty, succeed ; and thro' the blue serene,
For sight too fine, th' etherial nitre flies ;
Killing infectious damps, and the spent air
Storing afresh with elemental life.
Close crouds the shining atmosphere : and binds
Our strengthened bodies in its cold embrace,
Constringent ; feeds, and animates our blood :
Refines our spirits, thro' the new strung nerve,
In swifter sallies darting to the brain ;
Where sits the soul, intense, collected, cool,
Bright as the skies, and as the season keen.
All Nature feels the renovating force
Of Winter, only to the thoughtless eye
In ruin seen. The frost-concocted glebe
Draws in abundant vegetable soul,
And gathers vigour for the coming year.
A stronger glow sits on the lively cheek
Of ruddy fires : and luculent along
The purer rivers flow ; their fullen deeps,
Transparent, open to the shepherd's gaze,
And murmur hoarser at the fixing frost.

What art thou, frost ? and whence are thy keen
Deriv'd, thou secret all-invading power, (stores
Whom even th' elusive fluid cannot fly ?
Is not thy potent energy, unseen,
Myriads of little salts, or hook'd, or shap'd
Like double wedges, and diffus'd immense

Thro' water, earth, and ether? Hence, at eve,
Seam'd eager from the red horizon round,
With the fierce rage of Winter deep suffus'd,
An icy gale, oft shifting o'er the pool
Breaths a blue film, and in its mid career
Arrests the bickering stream. The loosen'd ice.
Let down the flood, and half dissolv'd by day,
Rufles no more; but to the sedgy bank
Fast grows, or gathers round the pointed stone,
A crystal pavement, by the breath of heaven
Cemented firm: till seiz'd from shore to shore
The whole imprison'd river growls below.
Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects
A double noise; while, at his evening watch,
The vill ge dog deters the nighty thief;
The heiter lows; the distant water-fall
Swells in the breeze; and with the hasty tread
Of traveller, the hollow-sounding plain
Shaks from afar. The full ethereal round,
Infinite worlds disclosing to the view,
Shines out intensely keen; and, all one cope
Of stary glitter, glows from pole to pole-
From pole to pole the rigid influence falls,
Thro the still night, incessant, heavy, strong,
And seizes Nature fast. It freezes on;
Till morn, late rising o'er the drooping world,
Lifts her pale eyes unjoyous. Then appears
The various labour of the silent night:
Prone from the dripping eve, and dumb cascade,
Whose idle torrents only seem to roar,
The pendant icicle; the frost work fair,
Where transient hues, and fancied figures rise;
Wipe-spouted o'er the hills, the frozen brook,
A livid tract, cold-gleaming on the morn;
The frost bent beneath the plummy wave;
And by the frost refin'd the whiter snow,

Incrusted hard, and sounding to the tread
Of early shepherd, as he pensive seeks
His pining flock, or from the mountains top,
Pleas'd with the slippery surface, swift descends.

On blithsome frolicks bent, the youthful swains,
While every work of Man is laid at rest,
Fond o'er the river croud in various sport
And revelry dissolv'd; where mixing glad,
Happiest of all the train! the raptur'd boy
Lashes the whirling top. Or where the Rhine,
Branch'd out in many a long canal extends,
From every province swarming, void of care,
Batavia rushes forth; and as they sweep,
On sounding skates a thousand different ways,
In circling poise, swift as the winds, along,
The *then* gay land is maddened all to joy.
Nor lest the northern courts, wide o'er the snow,
Pour a new pomp. Eager, on rapid sleds,
Their vigorous youth in bold contention wheel
The long resounding course. Mean time to raise
The manly strife, with highly blooming charms,
Flush'd by the season. Scandnavia's dames,
Or Russia's buxome daughters glow around.

Pure, quick, and sportful is the wholesome day;
But soon elaps'd. The horizontal sun,
Broad o'er the south, hangs at his utmost noon;
And ineffectual strikes the gelid cliff:
His azure gloss the mountains still maintains,
Nor feels the feeble touch. Perhaps the vale
Relents a while to the reflected ray;
Or from the forest falls the cluster'd snow,
Myriads of gems, that waving gleam
Gay twinkling as they scatter. Thick around
Thunders the sport of these, who with the gun,
And dog, impatient bounding at the shot,
Worse than the season, desolate the fields;

And, adding to the ruins of the year,
Distress the footed or the feather'd game.

But what is this? Our infant Winter sinks,
Divested of his grandeur, should our eye
Astonish'd shoot into the Frigid Zone:
Where, for relentless months, continual night
Holds o'er the glittering waste her starry reign.

There thro' the prison of unbounded wilds,
Barr'd by the hand of Nature from escape,
Wild-roads the Russian exile. Nought around
Strikes his sad eye, but deserts lost in snow;
And heavy-loaded groves; and solid floods,
That stretch, athwart the solitary vast,
Their icy horrors to the frozen main;
And cheerless towns far distant never bless'd,
Save when its annual course the caravan
Bends to the golden coast of rich *Carthay,
With news of human kind. Yet there life glows;
Yet cherish'd there, beneath the shining waste,
The fury nations harbour: tip'd with jet,
Fair ermine, spotless as the snows they press;
Sables of glossy black; and dark embrown'd,
Or beauteous freckl'd with many a mingled hue,
Thousands besides, the costly pride of courts.
There, warm together press'd, the trooping deer
Sleep on the new fallen snows; and scarce his head
Rais'd o'er the happy wreath, the branching elk
Lies slumbering fullen in the white abyss.
The ruthless hunter wants nor dogs nor toils,
Nor with the dread of sounding bows he drives
The fearful flying race; with ponderous clubs,
As weak against the mountain-heaps they push
Their beating breast in vain, and piteous bray,
He lays them quivering on the ensanguin'd snows,

* *The old name for China.*

And with loud shouts rejoicing brings them home.
 There thro' the piny forest ha f absorpt,
 Rough tenant of these shades, the shapeless bear,
 With dangling ice all horrid, stalks forlorn;
 Slow-pac'd, and sourer as the storms increase,
 He makes his bed beneath th' inclement drift,
 And, with stern patience, scorning weak complaint,
 Hardens his heart against assailing want.

Wide o'er the spacious regions of the north,
 That sees Bootes urge his tardy wain,
 A boisterous race, by frosty § Caurus pierc'd
 Who little pleasure know, and fear no pain,
 Prolific swarm. They once relum'd the flame
 Of lost mankind in polish'd slavery sunk,
 Drove martial † horde on horde, with dreadful sweep
 Resistless rushing o'er th' enfeebled south,
 And gave the vanquish'd world another form.
 Not such the sons of Lapland: wisely they
 Despise th' insensate barbarous trade of war;
 They ask no more than simple Nature gives,
 They love their mountains, and enjoy their storms,
 No false desires, no pride-created wants,
 Disturb the peaceful current of their time
 And thro' the restless ever-tortur'd maze
 Of pleasure, or ambition, bid it rage.
 The rein-deer form their riches. These their tents,
 Their robes, their beds, and all their homely wealth
 Supply their wholesome fare, and chearful cups.
 Obsequious at their call, the docile tribe
 Yield to the sled their necks, and whirl them swift
 O'er hill and dale, heap'd into onë expanse
 Of marbled snow, or far as eye can sweep
 With a blue crust of ice unbounded glaz'd.

§ *The North West Wind.*

† *The wandering Scythian Clans.*

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By dancing meteors then, that ceaseless shake
 A waving blaze refracted o'er the heavens,
 And vivid moons, and stars that keener play
 With double lustre from the radiant waste,
 Even in the depth of *Polar Night*, they find
 A wondrous day: enough to light the chase,
 Or guide their daring steps to Findland-fairs.
 Wish'd Spring returns; and from the hazy south,
 While dim Aurora slowly moves before,
 The welcome sun, just verging up at first,
 By small degrees extends the swelling curve
 Till seen at last, for gay rejoicing months,
 Still round and round, his spiral course he winds,
 And as he nearly dips his flaming orb,
 Wheels up again, and reascends the sky.
 In that glad season, from the lakes and floods,
 When pure * Niemi's fairy mountains rise,
 And fring'd with roses † Lenglio rolls his stream,
 They draw the copious fry. With these at eve,
 They chearful loaded to their tents repair:
 Where, all day long in useful cares employ'd,
 Their kind unblemish'd wives the fire prepare.

* *M. de Maupertius, in his book on the figure of the earth, after having described the beautiful lake and mountain of Nimeï in Lapland, says, — " From this height we had occasion several times to see those vapours rise from the lake which the people of the country call Haltios, and which they deem to be the guardian spirits of the mountains. We had been frighted with stories of Bears that haunted this place, but saw none. It seemed rather a place of resort for Fairies and Genii than Bears."*

† *The same author observes, — " I was surprised to see upon the banks of this river (The Tenglio) roses of as lively a red, as any that are in our garden."*

Thrice happy race ; by poverty secur'd
From legal plunder and rapacious power :
In whom fell interest never yet has sown
The seeds of vice ; whose spotless swains ne'er knew
Injurious deed, nor, blasted by the breath
Of faithless love, their blooming daughters woe.

Still pressing on, beyond Tornéa's lake,
And Hecla flaming thro' a waste of snow,
And farthest Greenland, to the pole itself,
Where failing gradual life at length goes out,
The Muse extends her solitary flight ;
And hovering o'er the wide stupendous scene,
Beholds now seas beneath § another sky.
Thron'd in his palace of cerulean ice,
Here Winter holds his unrejoicing court ;
And thro' his airy hall the loud misrule
Of driving tempest is for ever heard :
Here the grim tyrant meditates his wrath ;
Here arms his winds with all subduing frost ;
Moulds his fierce hail, and treasures up his snows,
With which he now oppresses half the globe.

Thence winding eastward to the Tartar's coast,
She sweeps the howling margin of the main ;
Where undissolving from the first of time,
Snows swells on snows amazing to the sky ;
And icy mountains high on mountains piled,
Seem to the shivering sailor from afar,
Shapeless and white, an atmosphere of clouds.
Projected huge, and horrid o'er the surge,
Alps frown on Alps ; or rushing hedeou down,
As if old Chaos was again return'd,
Wide-rend the deep, and shake the solid pole.
Ocean itself no longer can resist.
The binding fury ; but, in all its rage

The other hemisphere.

Of tempest taken by the boundless frost,
 Is many a fathom to the bottom chain'd,
 And bid to roar no more: a bleak expanse,
 Shagg'd o'er with wavy rocks, chearless, and void
 Of every life, that from the dreary months
 Flies conscious southward. Miserable they!
 Who, here entangled in the gathering ice,
 Take their last look of the descending sun;
 While full of death, and fierce with tenfold frost,
 The long long night, incumbant o'er their heads,
 Falls horrible. Such was the † Briton's fate,
 As with *first* prow, (what have not Britons dar'd!)
 He for the passage sought, attempted since
 So much in vain, and seeming to be shut
 By jealous Nature with eternal bars.
 In these fell regions in Arzina caught,
 And to the stony deep his idle ship
 Immediate seal'd, he with his hapless crew.
 Each full exerted at his several task,
 Froze into Statues; to the cordage glued
 The sailor and the pilot to the helm.

Hard by these shores, where scarce his freezing
 Rolls the wide Oby, live the last of Men;
 And half enliven'd by the distant sun,
 That rears and ripens Man as well as plants,
 Here human Nature wears its rudest form.
 Deep from the piercing season sunk in caves,
 Here by dull fires, and with unjoyous cheer,
 They waste the tedious gloom. Immers'd in furs,
 Doze the gross race. Nor sprightly jest, nor song,
 Nor tenderness they know; nor aught of life,
 Beyond the kindred bears that stalk without.
 Till morn at length, her roses drooping all,

† Sir Hugh Willoughby, sent by Queen Elizabeth
 to discover the North-East-Passage.

Shed's a long twilight brightening o'er their fiesld,
And calls the quivering savage to the chace.

What cannot active government perform,
New-molding Man? wide-stretching from these
A people savage from remote time, (shores,
A huge neglected empire one vast mind,
By Heav'n inspir'd, from Gothick darkness call'd.
Immortal Peter! first of Monarchs! He
His stubborn country tam'd, her rocks, hee fens,
Her floods, her seas, her ill-submitting sons;
And while the fierce Barbarian he subdu'd,
To more exalted soul he rais'd the *Man*.
Ye shades of ancient heroes, ye who toil'd
Thro' long successive ages to build up
A labouring plan of state, behold at once!
The wonder done! behold the matchless prince!
Who left his native throne, where reign'd till then
A mighty shadow of unreal power;
Who greatly spurn'd the slothful pomps of courts;
And roaming every land, in every port,
His scepter laid aside, with glorious hand
Unweary'd plying the mechanic too!,
Gather'd the seeds of trade, of useful arts,
Of civil wisdom, and of martial skill.
Charg'd with the stores of Europe home he goes!
Then cities rise amid th' illumin'd waste
O'er joyless deserts smites the rural reign;
Far distant flood to flood is social join'd;
Th' astonish'd Euxine hears the Baltic roar;
Proud navies ride on seas that never foam'd
With daring keel before; and armies stretch
Each way their dazzling files, repressing here
The frantic Alexander of the North,
And awing there stern Othman's shrinking sons.
Sloth flies the land, and *Ignorance* and *Vice*,
Of old dishonour proud: it glows around,

Taught by the Royal Hand that rous'd the whole,
 One scene of arts, of arms, of rising trade :
 For what his wisdom plann'd, and power enforc'd,
 More potent still his great example shew'd.

Muttering, the winds at eve, with blunted point,
 Blow hollow blustering from the south. (subdu'd,
 The frost resolves into a trickling thaw.

otted the mountains shine ; loose fleets descends
 And floods the country round. The rivers swell,
 Obb'd impatient. Sudden from the hills,
 O'er rocks and woods, in broad brown cataracts,
 A thousand snow-fed torrents shoot at once ;
 And, where they rush, the wide resounding plain
 Is left one slimy waste. Those fallen seas,
 That wash'd the ungenial pole, will rest no more
 Beneath the shackles of the mighty north :
 But, rousing all their waves, resistless heave——
 And hark ! the lengthening roar continuous runs
 Ashwart the rifted deep : at once it bursts,
 And piles a thousand mountains to the clouds :
 It shakes the bark with trembling wretches charg'd,
 That, toss'd amid the floating fragments, moors
 Beneath the shelter of an icy isle,
 While night overwhelms the sea, and horror looks
 More horrible. Can human force endure
 Th' assembled milchicks that besiege them round ?
 Heart-gnawing hunger, fainting weariness,
 The roar of winds and waves, the crush of ice,
 Now ceasing, now renew'd with louder rage,
 And in dire echoes bellowing round the main,
 More to embroil the deep, Leviathan
 And his unweildy train, in dreadful sport,
 Tempest the loosen'd brine, while thro' the gloom,
 Far from the bleak inhospitable shore,
 Loading, the winds is heard the hungry howl
 Of famish'd monsters, their awaiting wrecks,

Yet Providence, that *ever-waking* Eye,
Looks down with dity on the feeble toil
Of mortals lost to hope, and lights them safe,
Thro' all the dreary labyrinth of fate.

'Tis done! dread Winter spreads his latest glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year.
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies;
How dumb the tuneful! horror wide extends
His desolate domain. Behold, fond Man!
See here thy pictur'd life; pass some few years,
Thy florishing Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,
Thy sober Autumn fading into age,
And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled,
Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes
Of happiness? those longings after fame?
Those restless cares? those busy bustling days?
Those gay spent festive nights? those veering thoughts
Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy life?
All are now vanish'd! Virtue sole survives,
Immortal never-failing friend of Man,
His guide to happiness on high.—And see!
'Tis come, the glorious morn! the second birth
Of heaven, and earth! awakening Nature hears
The *new creating word*, and starts to life,
In every heightened form, from pain and death
For ever free. *The great eternal scheme*
Involving all, and in a *perfect whole*
Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,
To reason's eye refin'd clears up apace.
Ye vainly wile! ye blind presumptuous! now,
Confounded in the dust, adore that Power,
And Wisdom oft arraign'd: see now the cause,
Why unassuming worth in secret liv'd,
And dy'd neglected: why the good man's share

In life was gall and bitterness of soul :
Why the lone widow and her orphans pin'd,
In starving solitude ; while luxury,
In palaces, lay straining her low thought,
To form unreal wants : why heaven-born truth,
And moderation fair, wore the red marks
Of superstition's scourge : why licens'd pain,
That cruel spoiler. that embosom'd foe,
Imbitter'd all our bliss. Ye good distrest ;
Ye noble few ! who here unbending stand
Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up a while,
And what your bounded view, which only saw
A little part, deem'd Evil is no more :
The storms of Wintry Time will quickly pass,
And one unbounded Spring encircle all.

T H E E N D.

A H Y M N.



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THESE, as they change, Almighty Father, these
 Are but the *varied* God. The rolling year
 Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
 Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
 Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
 Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
 And every sense, and every heart is joy.
 Then comes thy glory in the Summer-months,
 With light and heat refulgent. Then thy sun
 Shoots full perfection thro' the swelling year:
 And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks;
 And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
 By brooks and groves, in hollow whispering gales
 Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,
 And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
 In Winter awful Thou! with clouds and storms
 Around thee thorwn, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,
 Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing,
 Riding sublime. Thou bidst the world adore,
 And humblest Nature with thy northern blast.

Mysterious round I what skill, what force divine,
 Deep felt, in these appear! a simple train,
 Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,

Such beauty and beneficence combin'd ;
 Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade ;
 And also forming an harmonious whole ;
 That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
 But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
 Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty hand,
 That ever busy, wheels the silent spheres ;
 Works in the secret deep, shoots streaming thence
 The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring ;
 Flings from the sun direct the flaming day ;
 Feeds every creature ; hurls the tempest forth ;
 And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
 With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature, attend ! join every living soul,
 Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
 In adoration join ; and ardent raise
 One general song ! To him ye vocal gales,
 Breath soft, whose Spirit in your freshness breathes :
 O talk of him in solitary glooms ;
 Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
 Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
 And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
 Who shake the astonish'd world, lift high to heaven
 Th' impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
 His praise, ye brooks attune, ye trembling rills ;
 And let me catch it as I muse along,
 Ye headlong torrents, rapid, and profound ;
 Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
 Along the vale ; and thou, majestic main,
 A secret world of wonders in thyself,
 Sound his stupendous praise ! whose greater voice
 Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
 Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
 In mingled clouds to Him ; whose sun exalts,
 Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints-
 Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave to Him ;

Breathe you still song into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
Great source of day ! best image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On Nature write with every beam his praise.
The thunder rolls : be hush'd the prostrate world :
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
Bleat out afresh ye hills : ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound : the broad responsive lowe,
Ye valleys raise ; for the Great Shepherd reigns,
And his *unsuffering* kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands all, awake : a boundless song
Burst from the groves ! and when the restless day,
Expiring, lay the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds ! sweet Philomela, charm
The listening shades, and teach the night his praise.
Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles ;
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn : in swarming cities vast,
Assembled men, to the deep organ join
The long resounding voice, oft breaking clear,
At solemn pauses, through the swelling base ;
And, as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardor rise to heaven,
Or, if you rather chuse the rural shade,
And find a fane in every sacred grove ;
There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still sing the God of Seasons, as they roll.
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blow, the summer rise,

Rustle the plain, *inspiring* Autumns glee,
 Or winter riles in the blackening east;
 Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
 And, dead to joy forget my heart to bear!

Should fate command me to the farthest verge
 Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
 Rivers unknown to song; where first the Sun
 Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
 Flames on the Atlantic isles; tis nought to me:
 Since God is ever present, ever felt,
 In the void waste, as in the city full;
 And where He virall^{ly} reads there must be joy.
 When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
 And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
 I cheerful will obey; there with new powers,
 With rising wonder sing: I cannot go
 Where Universal Love not smiles around,
 Sustaining all yon orbs and all their sons;
 From *seeming Evil* still educating *Good*,
 And *Letter* thence again, and *better* still,
 In infinite progression.—But I lose
 Myself in Him, in Light ineffable;
 Come then, expressive silence, muse his praise.

THE END.



